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SIXPENCE
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PRINCESS OF WALES. DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE. DUCHESS OF YORK. LORD TWEEDMOUTH.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES OPENING THE PRESS BAZAAR AT THE HOTEL CECIL IN AID OF THE LONDON HOSPITAL.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

The simple life! Somebody proposes that one of the memorials of Mr. Gladstone should celebrate this ideal simplicity. A great man's memory may outlive him half a year, said a cynic, if he builds churches. Can we perpetuate his memory by living simply, spending less money, making no display in clothes, practising an elementary diet? If a friend is observed to eat less than he did, abstain from vain show, develop scruples about driving in cabs (even in the motor-cab, which can scarcely be called a luxury), and prefer a halfpenny sheet to the penny paper, and if, when asked to explain, he says that he embraces these privations out of reverence for departed greatness, is it likely that we shall take this seriously? A memorial in brass or marble is a thing you subscribe to; it is set up and done with. A hospital is also an affair of subscription; you leave it to be managed by nurses and physicians. But the simple life means a personal reform, a change in your habits, a profession you have to keep up at real inconvenience. You cannot shift the responsibility to a sculptor, a doctor, or a committee. Moreover, no two people agree as to the essentials of simplicity, and no generation with its predecessor. Then there is the complication of personal preference with constitutional disability. This is not so profound as it looks. I will illustrate it by a saying of Mr. Gladstone's. He told Mr. Tollemache that beer was "a divine drink," but that Sir Andrew Clarke had compelled him to give it up. Beer is simple enough, goodness knows; but when your simplicity yearns for it, and your constitution rejects it, where are you?

I have been reading a chronicle of London habits in the early 'sixties, before an Act of Parliament had declared supping in a public place later than half an hour after midnight to be indecorous and illegal. You may say that the compulsion to finish your supper before that hour was a gain for simplicity. On the other hand, when a man might spend all night over this meal without any fear of the police, he fared less sumptuously than he does now. If you were "a light midnight feeder," you supped off "a-la-mode beef"; if you were "a robust reveller," you were content with "chops and huge mealy baked potatoes." Who would venture now to ask even the most simple-minded guest to such entertainment? Short of a law which shall say what and when you shall eat and drink and wherewithal you shall be clothed, I despair of uniformity in people's ideas of the simple life. Moreover, if you are to spend less money, that law must be applied to prices, and not only to prices but also to incomes. If you have two thousand a year and I have two hundred, how can we agree upon a common standard of living? Even the equalisation of resources would not solve the problem, for there is a kind of man who, with your income, would live at the rate of mine, and another kind of man who, with my income, would live at the rate of yours. As both kinds help to make the laws, I see no prospect of an inflexible rule for any portion of mankind.

A charming play which I saw lately illustrated the simple life in another way. The hero was a vagabond who stayed in one place just long enough to make love, and then took to the road again with a light heart and a lighter conscience. Nothing was so doleful to him as to sleep in a bed. His delight was to lie under the stars (with no parenthesis about weather permitting), and his songs (he was always singing) had only one refrain—the joy of "the king's highway." After the lapse of many years, finding that he had done considerable mischief in his vagrant wooing, he set himself to repair it. When the simple life has done anyone a wrong, what can be simpler than to make amends? They were made; enemies were reconciled, young people wedded; peace reigned in a household where there was a bright fireside and a smell of roast goose at Christmas time. Out into the snow tramped the vagabond, with his wallet on his shoulder, and disappeared for ever from the ken of those who would have turned him into a prosaic villager, with an appetite for his regular meals. What effect did this have upon a houseful of playgoers? I venture to say that, without a single exception, they thought that the man who fled from roast goose and a comfortable roof-tree to starvation and starlight little better than an imbecile. Hero was the simple life, indeed, erring and repenting, dozing by the fire, sniffing roast goose, and then, with that sudden straight conviction which comes only to the heart of the natural man, fleeing from temptation, from apple-sauce and slippers and respectable stagnation, to liberty, vagabondage, and that divine emptiness of stomach which stimulates the soul! And everyone in the theatre thought it a most foolish proceeding.

To be a tramp, and lead the simple life, you need not wear rags and eat nothing but a crust. You can ride a bicyclo over those parts of the earth's surface where adventurous discomfort is assured and abundant. Mrs. Pennell tells us how she crossed the Alpine passes ("Over the Alps on a Bicycle"), with supreme disdain for mountaineers, peaks, Swiss guides, hotel-keepers, carriages, and all the average appurtenances of holiday-making in Switzerland. This is the simple life in its scornful mood. I follow it with

breathless wonder as it "coasts" the edge of the abyss, pooh-pooling a drop of a thousand feet or so; as it climbs the long steep gradient, indifferent to rain and mud; as it scoffs at the Alpinist roped to his guides, a slave of luxury. Mountaineering is a corrupt habit, begotten of wealth and indolence. But the cyclist is as free and fearless as the chamois—not the tame beast which played such a trick on Tartarin, but the real vagabond of the precipices. I feel that no avalanche would dare to attack the cyclist, and that when masses of snow overwhelm the tourist who is cutting ice-steps up the Matterhorn, it is to show their contempt for this degraded form of exercise. But how many women or men, thrilled by Mrs. Pennell's narrative, will follow her example? I know what it is to be a cycling tramp on the Queen's highway in the rain, to dry necessary garments before the fire in a roadside hospitable, and while away the storm-bound hours with Boadicea in an ancient "History of England." At the time I thought this was the simple life in its purest aspect. That operation with the necessary garments was full of primitive sentiment, like a folk-lore ballad. But now that my timid soul follows the adventures of Mrs. Pennell and the chamois, I see that, for all my simplicity, I might as well be a dweller in kings' houses, and wear purple and fine linen!

There is a good deal to be said against the endowment of an Opera House by the London County Council. It is not likely that Wagner will be supported out of the rates. But the argument that a form of art which appeals only to a cultivated minority has no claim on public funds may be pushed too far. The State collects pictures, and it will not be pretended that the contents of the National Gallery appeal to the majority of people as strongly as the "cuts" in some halfpenny papers. It is true that the Free Libraries Act cannot be applied except by a popular vote; but nobody asked the Government to put to the vote the purchase of a mediaeval painting for seventy thousand pounds. I see in one quarter the argument that before we endow art with public money we must consider the interests of the poor. If this were true, the National Gallery ought to be shut to-morrow, and its treasures sold, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer might apply the proceeds to some reduction of burdens like the tea duty. If it be admitted that the State has a right to buy pictures, it must also be admitted that this is done at the will and pleasure of a cultivated minority who choose the pictures, instead of submitting them to the test of democratic election or rejection. This artistic principle has to be limited, no doubt, but the limitation is sometimes rather arbitrary. Why should not the County Council make a fine street when it has the opportunity and the reason? It is said that the new street from Holborn to the Strand ought to be a plain, business-like thoroughfare, and not a boulevard. This dread of a boulevard haunts some careful Londoners as if it were a proposal to defraud the community.

The object of a boulevard is to give light and air and grace, three requisites for any self-respecting city. London has a multitude of slits and very few streets. The Strand cannot be called a street except by wild fancy. It is a long, ugly, and evil-smelling alley. To parody Antony's description of the crocodile, it is of its own atmosphere, and the mud of it is thick. I have known the Strand for twenty-five years, and I have never known it without an unconquerable savour of eating-house. A certain perfumer established himself there long ago with the quixotic idea, I am sure, of putting down that eating-house with fragrant essences. I often stand at his door and gratefully breathe the air of his gallant but unavailing endeavour. No one can believe in the conversion of the Strand in this or any future age; but the least we can ask is that any new thoroughfare which runs into it shall present a noble and inspiring contrast. Some ambitious citizens are crying out for open-air restaurants. Timid experiments may be made with kiosks. You can actually buy a newspaper in Hyde Park, but a restaurant there is, I suppose, impossible without a revolution. Once upon a time, some lively reformers pulled down the Park railings for a joke, and were considerably astonished to find that they had changed the Constitution. If they will repeat this performance, I may be able to eat my simple dinner under the trees.

Some people who do not smoke are making a vigorous raid upon the selfishness which puffs a pipe on the top of an omnibus. The smokers reply that tobacco in the morning air clears the brain for the day's work in the City. That is obviously conclusive. England is hard pressed by the competition of the nations, and if you prevent the morning clearing of the commercial brain, how can we be expected to hold our own? Will the irate non-smoker who writes to say that, in his youth, the miserable serf of tobacco never ventured to indulge his passion except in the kitchen, see the expediency of clearing his brain? Meanwhile, I note with interest an agitation against the thoughtless citizens who poke their umbrellas into the eyes of their neighbours, and another agitation against the women who offend the nostrils of tobacco-lovers by too liberal a use of scent. It is pleasant to watch the evolution of our manners and customs, and speculate as to the survival of the politest.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by the Princess of Leiningen, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, and two children of Princess Henry of Battenberg, arrived at Windsor Castle, from Balmoral, about nine o'clock in the morning on Wednesday, June 22. Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein came to visit her Majesty next day, and the Prince of Leiningen on Friday, when Sir Edmund and Lady Monson, and Sir Frank Lascelles, with Miss Lascelles dined at the Castle. On Saturday the Queen personally invested Lieutenant T. C. Watson, R.E., and Private E. Lawson, of the Gordon Highlanders, with the Victoria Cross, for valour in the Indian Frontier War, and conferred the Distinguished Service Order upon several officers. The Bishop of Winchester officiated in the Sunday religious service at the Castle. Her Majesty sent a message expressing her grief at the loss of so many lives by the terrible disaster at Blackwall last week, and a contribution to the local relief fund. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with their daughters, were with the Queen on Saturday and Sunday. There was a private performance of Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette," by the Royal Opera Company, at the Castle on Monday evening.

The Prince of Wales on June 22 went to Warwickshire for the annual show of the Royal Agricultural Society, held at Four Oaks Hall, Sutton Coldfield, nine miles from Birmingham, under the presidency of Earl Spencer. His Royal Highness was accompanied by the Earl of Warwick, and was the guest of the Earl and Countess at Warwick Castle, with the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire and the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, until Monday, going also to visit Lord and Lady Algernon Lennox, at Broughton Castle, Banbury, on Friday. On Saturday the Prince went with Lady Warwick to visit Mr. Joseph Arch, M.P., at Barford.

The Duke of Connaught on June 22 attended the special religious service at St. Saviour's Church, Southwark, anciently St. Mary Overy, where the Bishops of Rochester and Southwark officiated; then his Royal Highness unveiled the memorial windows given to that noble old church, hereafter to be the Southwark Cathedral, in memory of the late Prince Consort, Elizabeth Newcomen, and Edward Alleyne.

At Manchester on June 22, the Duke of Devonshire, President of Owens College, which is the chief teaching institution of the Victoria University, opened the new library magnificently presented by Mr. R. C. Christie, late Chancellor of the Diocese of Manchester, and one of the original professors of the college. He has also given £50,000, a sum equal to the bequest of Mr. C. D. Darbiere, for the building of the Whitworth Hall and the Whitworth Art Gallery, both these donors being legatees to that amount of the late Sir Joseph Whitworth. The Duke of Devonshire laid the foundation-stone of Whitworth Hall, which is for the use of Owens College.

The finance budget of the London School Board shows an estimated increase of £164,000 in the expenditure for the ensuing year; but having a surplus of £60,000 from this year, and expecting a larger Government grant and better product of the existing rate, it will not be requisite to levy a higher rate for next year.

An inquest has been held at Poplar Hospital by the coroner, Mr. Wynne Baxter, concerning the disaster at the launch of H.M.S. *Albion* at the Thames Ironworks Shipbuilding Company's yard on Bow Creek, Blackwall, where thirty-four persons, mostly women and children, were drowned. The evidence went to show that the people foolishly and obstinately persisted in crowding upon the temporary wooden staging, erected for a gangway, though forbidden by the police orders. The jury found a verdict of accidental death, but considered that the managers had not taken due precautions.

A conference of delegates of parish vestries and local authorities in London, presided over by Lord Onslow at the Westminster Town Hall on Monday, discussed Sir J. Blundell Maple's draft Bill for permissive optional constitution of borough municipalities, with Mayors, Aldermen, and Town Councillors, in connection with the London County Council. Sir Blundell Maple gave an explanation, and his scheme, with some general approval, was referred to an examining committee, as well as that proposed by Mr. Lough. Government legislation on this subject is deferred till next Session.

On June 23 Lord Wolseley made his half-yearly inspection at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst. The cadets paraded in front of the college under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Talbot, assistant commandant. The Commander-in-Chief, while expressing himself satisfied with drill and discipline, criticised a manifest slackness in study on the part of cadets who imagined that because their chance of distinction was small, they need not care how low their marks were. The discrepancy between the point gained by those at the top of the list and those at the bottom led Lord Wolseley to remark on this unfortunate circumstance, which he hoped he need never refer to again.

Henley is on us again with its suggestions of summer pleasures and up-river escape from town. For those who must perform enjoy our aquatic Olympia by instalments the Great Western Company's convenient trains will be an unmixed boon. The service this year between Paddington and Henley is admirable, both as regards frequency, efficiency, and cost.

This year the summer fêtes at Spa maintain all their former brilliancy, and, better still, they come closer to us every day. It is now unpardonable not to go abroad when railway and steam-ship companies offer such admirable facilities for travel. If Spa is your destination, the Royal Mail route to Holland via Harwich and the Hook is admirable from every point of view. It is also the quickest route to Holland and cheapest to Germany.

The Welsh collieries strike, by which more than 100,000 men are kept idle, while the lack of Welsh coal is a serious inconvenience to naval and commercial steam shipping, may now be coming nearer to a settlement. A conference of the colliers is held this week; a letter from Lord Dunraven, recommending arbitration of the wages

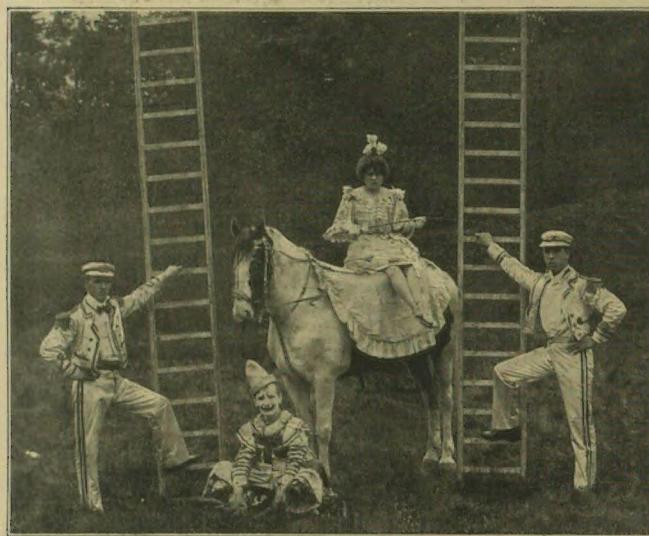
On June 17 "Lord" George Sanger's Circus appeared by command before her Majesty and the Royal Household at Balmoral. The circus had only just arrived in Aberdeen from Ballater when the command was received, and accordingly made a speedy return to Deeside, a special train conveying the company and its extensive paraphernalia. The tent in which the performances are given was erected in a field near Balmoral Castle, and in it, in addition to the royal party, there assembled all the tenantry of the estates of Balmoral, Abergeldie, and Birkhall, by gracious invitation of her Majesty. The performance began at 3.30. Her Majesty was accompanied by Princess Leiningen, and the royal party included also Princess Victoria of Wales and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. Her Majesty



Princess Victoria of Wales. The Queen. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein.

A ROYAL GROUP ON DEESIDE.

remained seated in her landau while the exhibition proceeded. The Queen witnessed the lengthy programme from start to finish, and seemed to watch every item with interest. The elephant "Prince," which the Prince of Wales rode on his Indian tour, made obeisance in the ring before her Majesty. The Queen was graciously pleased to accept from Mr. Sanger a gift of two small black ponies. The general manager of the circus, Mr. Olliver, had the honour of being presented to the Queen, who presented him with a valuable diamond pin as a memento of the interesting occasion, her Majesty declaring that the performance was the best of its kind she had ever seen. The circus party returned to Aberdeen the same night, and later a telegram was received from the Queen hoping that all had arrived safely.



LADDER ACROBATS, CLOWN, AND EQUESTRIENNE.



CLOWN, EQUESTRIENNE, AND CONTORTIONISTS.



THIS ELEPHANT WAS RIDDEN BY THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.

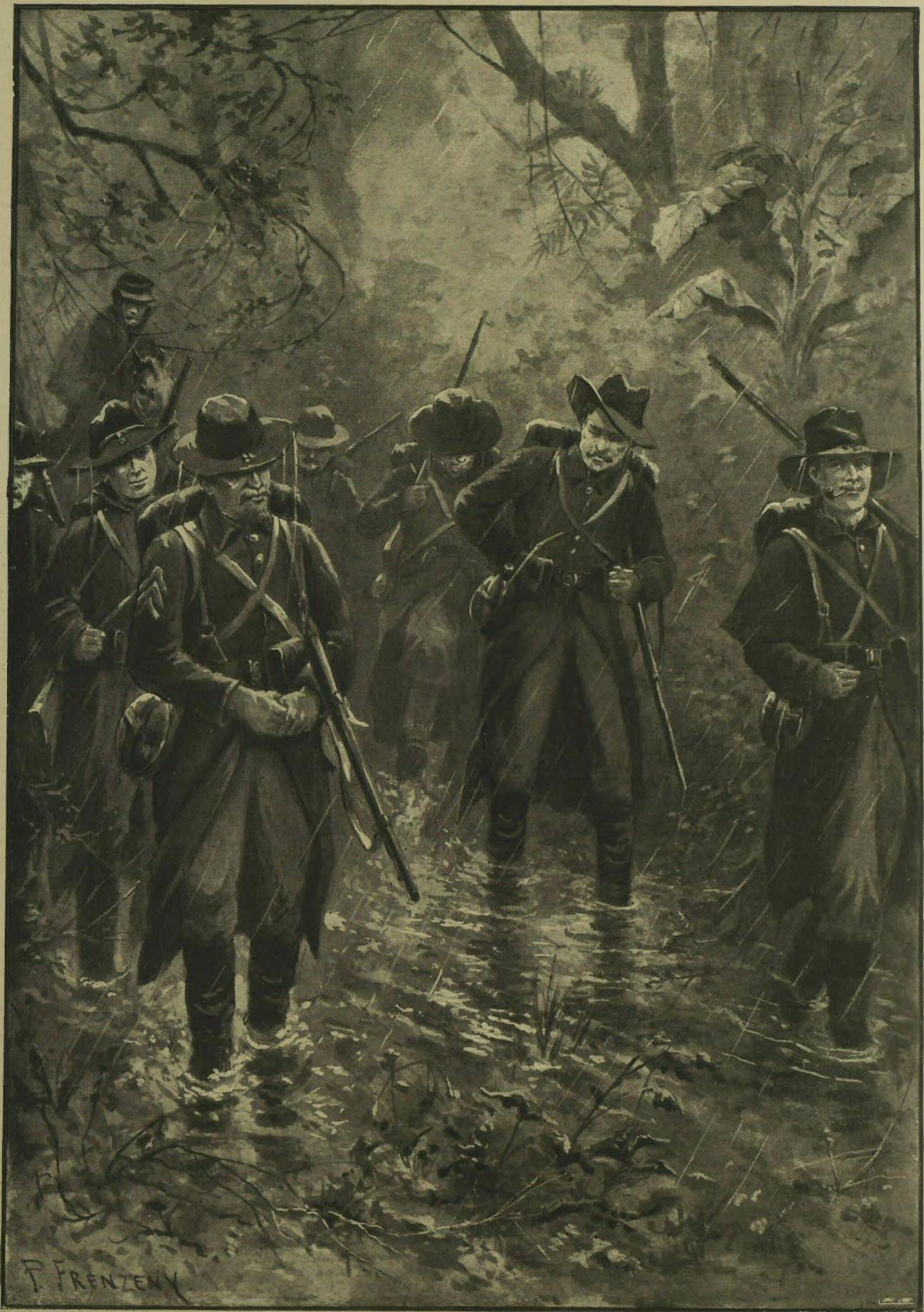


PERFORMING PONIES.

WHAT THE QUEEN SAW AT BALMORAL.

From Photographs by R. Milne, Aboyne and Ballater.

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.



"UNCLE SAM" IN CUBA IN THE RAINY SEASON: THROUGH THE CHAPARRAL.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

Military operations on land in Cuba, for the capture of the town of Santiago, with Admiral Cervera's squadron in the inner harbour, are pushed forward more quickly than might have been expected; the Spaniards no longer attempting to oppose the landing of United States troops and stores on the south-eastern coast of that island. General Shafter, with the better part of the regular army and efficient militia or volunteers, altogether not exceeding 17,000 men, including light cavalry and field artillery, has entered the country, advancing from several points on the coast east of Santiago, from Guantánamo, Daiquirí, and Juragua, despite the sultry and unhealthy climate at this season, and detached portions of his force have fought victoriously, expelling the Spanish troops from different strong positions on the hills. Juragua, which has now become the base of American operations in this campaign, is distant but seven miles from the harbour of Santiago, where Admiral Sampson's fleet, having destroyed the outer forts and batteries, maintains a close blockade. Nine miles farther eastward is Daiquirí, commanded by a steep rocky hill, from which on Wednesday, June 22, the Spaniards were driven by six thousand American troops, landing at different points under the protection of the ships' guns bombarding the whole shore. On Friday, at Juragua, which was likewise hastily abandoned by the Spaniards, a body of American cavalry and rough-riders, under General Young and Colonel Wood, going forward some five miles into the jungle or thicket, encountered in a kind of ambuscade twice their number of the enemy, whom they repulsed in an hour's fighting;

they lost twelve or thirteen dead and fifty wounded, but the Spanish loss was nearly four times as many. Smaller conflicts or skirmishes, with similar results, took place at Siboney and Seville. The roads from the coast to the interior, on the chosen lines of approach to Santiago, being thus opened, General Shafter on Sunday removed his headquarters to Juragua, while the advanced portion of his force, led by General Wheeler, moved on to a position on the Rio Guama, four miles and a half from the town or city of Santiago, which lies plainly in sight to the westward. General Shafter's army, which may soon be augmented to 24,000 men, will probably occupy this position about the middle of the week. His opponent, General Linares, has a respectable army—at least twelve battalions of regular infantry—in hand, with marine forces borrowed from Admiral Cervera's ships, and much artillery. The Spanish forts are numerous and strongly armed; entrenchments, barricades, and wire fences surround

the city; which may thus stand a siege. On the other hand, its supplies will be liable to be intercepted by Calixto Garcia, the leader of five thousand Cuban insurgents, flitting about the roads north and west of Santiago. Unless these can be got rid of, and if General Pando, with the remaining Spanish forces in the province, be unable to relieve Linares, it seems likely that he will, after some resistance, be eventually compelled to surrender. The latest news of any naval movements is that the Spanish reserve squadron from Cadiz, under Admiral Camara, has gone up the Mediterranean to Port Said, and is going to pass through the Suez Canal. At Porto Rico, the Spanish torpedo-boat *Terror* has been roughly handled by the American cruiser *St. Paul*. This week we give sketches of the two Spanish ships,

OPENING OF THE PRESS BAZAAR.

The brilliant and much-talked-of Press Bazaar in aid of the London Hospital was opened on the afternoon of Tuesday, June 28, by the Princess of Wales, the ceremony being attended with every mark of public interest and promise of success. The Hotel Cecil and all the avenues leading thereto were crowded long before the hour of opening, and many distinguished persons, including at least one royal Duke, had difficulty in obtaining admission. There was no formal opening ceremony. The Princess of Wales, accompanied by the Duchess of York, was received by the Hon. Sydney Holland, Chairman of the London Hospital, and thereafter made a tour of the various stalls. Their Royal Highnesses purchased many valuable souvenirs of the occasion.

The Banqueting Hall of the Hotel Cecil looked very picturesque with its beautifully decorated stalls and fair stall-holders. Each stall was named after the papers or group of papers responsible for its direction. The *Illustrated London News*, the *Sketch*, and the *Lady's Fictorial* stall was presided over by Lady Ingram and the Duchess of Somerset. An interesting feature of the bazaar was its newspaper, described as the "dearest little paper in the world," edited, printed and published in the fair itself. The price was at first one shilling per copy, but this subsequently rose to half-a-crown for two. A Press Museum, containing an excellent collection of relics of the earlier days of journalism, attracted crowds of visitors, and still further helped to draw the tooth of a willing public in aid of that greatly deserving and beneficent institution, the London Hospital, at present so much impeded in its good work for lack of funds.

THE

DUKE OF YORK.

Captain his Royal Highness the Duke of York, being just now in command of H.M.S. *Crescent*, which on Wednesday, June 22, was lying at Portsmouth ready



Photo J. C. Diskin, Torquay.

CAPTAIN H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK ON BOARD H.M.S. "CRESCENT," IN TORBAY, JUNE 25, 1898.

Reina Cristina (flag-ship) and *Castilla*, burnt out and only the upper works showing, as they now lie off the Arsenal of Cavite. During the action the *Castilla* was moored head and stern, and being made of wood soon caught fire and burned out. The *Reina Cristina* received the concentrated fire of the whole United States Squadron and was badly mauled, losing a large number of men. Her bridge is shown partially destroyed by an eight-inch shell, which, bursting underneath, killed her Captain and Commander and wounded the Admiral, who, finding her unmanageable, shifted his flag. She was a ship of about the same power as our *Latona* class, and to stand up as she did, practically unsupported, to the American Squadron was little short of heroism. It is strange to see how few of her guns have been struck, and still fewer, apparently, put out of action, although protected only by thin shields. One sketch shows the *Immortalis*'s steam-launch, filled with officers, gingerly approaching the *Reina Cristina*.

her intended cruise up St. George's Channel and the Irish Sea, joined his ship in the evening of that day, and sailing next day from Spithead, arrived in the afternoon at Torbay, on the coast of South Devon, famous for the landing of William of Orange two hundred and ten years ago. Midway between the fishing-port of Brixham and Torquay, the *Crescent*, with the Queen's grandson as Captain aboard, anchored and remained two or three days. The Mayor of Torquay, Mr. Alderman Harrison, came out from that town to bid his Royal Highness a hearty welcome. On the following day, leaving H.M.S. *Crescent* for a few hours, the Duke went to Dartmouth, and revisited the floating training-school for naval cadets, H.M.S. *Britannia*, in which Prince George and the late Duke of Clarence were once pupils together. Having returned to Torbay and come on board his ship, the sailor Prince finally departed on his cruise round the Land's End and thence northward to Lough Swilly and to Greenock.

PERSONAL.

The Queen has never regretted the additions she has made to her properties, and if she desired to part with either Osborne or Balmoral, she would find how fine an investment the purchase of those two estates had been. The rumour now is that her Majesty is about to purchase the Norreys Castle estate, in the Isle of Wight, for about £50,000. The new property adjoins Osborne, and would have been bought by the Queen, in its place, more than fifty years ago had it been then for sale.

The Earl of Portsmouth, whose speech on educational and ecclesiastical topics has been widely reported this week, enjoys one unique distinction. He is the only peer who has married a member of the Society of Friends, his wife belonging to the Pease family, well known in Darlington and throughout the North of England.

The Honourable Sir John Scott, upon whom the honorary degree of D.C.L. was recently conferred by the University of Oxford, is a Lancashire lad, having been born at Wigan in 1841. Educated at Oxford, he became a Barrister of the Inner Temple in 1865, and joined the Northern Circuit. In 1874 he was appointed Judge of the International Court of Appeal in Egypt, of which he was afterwards Vice-President. From 1882 till 1892 he held the position of Judge of the High Court, Bombay. From 1890 he was Judicial Keppel.

Photo Heyman, Cairo.

SIR JOHN SCOTT, D.C.L.

Adviser to the Khedive, a post he has only recently vacated. At Oxford his college was Pembroke.

The Prince of Wales has set a good example to Londoners this summer. While the season is still in full swing he has stolen away on visits to the country, catching it at its loveliest. The harried Londoner has always Newmarket, Epsom, and Ascot to give him a little break—a gasp of fresh air to carry him over until the dog-days, when he gets his liberty at last. But the Prince has anticipated the holidays by his visits to Warwick Castle and to Taplow Court.

Cornwall is far away from London—farther than Paris, for instance—and that is why it does not often receive a visit from the Prince of Wales, who, nevertheless, has always a strong feeling of affection for his Duchy. At this moment the Prince has an appointment to make on his property, owing to the retirement of his chief land-agent in the western division, Mr. Moorsom, who leaves his Royal Highness's service to manage a large estate in Norfolk.

Lord Rosebery, it is interesting to note, is regarded as the natural successor to Mr. Gladstone in offices and positions of various sorts. The Edinburgh Philosophical Institution is the last to pay him this compliment by appointing him its President, and it is suggested that the honorary office held by Mr. Gladstone in the Royal Academy will go in the same succession.

The late Mr. John Noble, who retired from the Clerksip of the Cape Assembly in 1897, was a native of

Inverness who went to the Cape to push his fortune when he was twenty years of age. He joined the staff of the *Cape Argus*, and subsequently started the *Advertiser* and the *Mail*. He was in 1880 elected Clerk of the Assembly, and in 1882 Secretary of the Native Laws and Customs Committee. He also worked in connection with the South African Customs Conference. His literary productions were considerable, including works

Photo Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE MR. JOHN NOBLE.

descriptive of Africa, and biography. He also edited Pringle's Poems. Mr. Noble was sixty-one years of age.

The block in the streets of London is a problem which literally stops the way. As the population grows the traffic must grow with it, and the main thoroughfares, some of them as absurdly narrow as Bond Street, feel the pressure more and more acutely. The remedy seems difficult to devise; for the horror of overhead railways is not to be thought of, and underground passages are equally out of the question in most districts. Possibly the central railway, to be opened with the next century, will do something to lessen omnibus traffic down the great artery of Oxford Street from Bayswater to the City. Meanwhile Lord Granby raises a useful protest against the erection of obstructions such as cabmen's shelters where the traffic is great; and the widening of roads is one of the works of the County Council most readily to be recognised and praised.

Lord Beaconsfield, it may be remembered, incurred by his Public Worship Regulation Bill the very same censure as that which has been directed during the past week against Sir William Harcourt; and Liberal candidates who are twitted with their leader's phrases about extreme Ritualists will have to remind their audiences that it was the Tory chief himself who dubbed the Anglican Communion Service, as practised by High Churchmen, "the mass in masquerade." In a very famous speech, too—the speech in which he opposed the Disestablishment of the Irish Church—Disraeli asserted that "the High Church Ritualists and the Irish followers of the Pope have long been in secret confederacy, but they are now in open combination."

In "Lothair" also, Lord Beaconsfield tells how a Bishop—Samuel Wilberforce is indicated—and a brace of Countesses arranged for an early Anglican "celebration." But they did not, he says, dare to invite to it St. Aldegonde—the heir of a dukedom—of whom the prototype was the then Lord Hartington. No wonder if, thus deserted, he found Sunday dull, and exclaimed "How I hate Sundays!" as he stood on the hearthrug with the Bishop, who forthwith made a dignified retreat. Perhaps when the Benefices Bill goes to the Upper House, the Duke of Devonshire may let the world know how faithful or the contrary was the sketch of his Sunday sentiments put on paper by the Minister who could no longer describe him as "a Radical."

A clergyman, Mr. Pearson, has just invented a new trawling-gear, which has been tried with great success. It may be remembered that it was a parson who invented the percussion-cap.

Mr. George Robertson was the premier bookseller of Australia. He began life in Melbourne with a barrowful of books, which he sold on the Queen's Wharf in 1852; and he died the other day with property worth £117,000 in the colony of Victoria alone.

The hunt for the philosopher's stone has been abandoned; but the attempts to solve the problem of flight know no check. The latest inventor is Mr. G. L. O. Davidson, who bases his scheme on the flight of birds. Mr. Davidson's elder brother, Lieutenant-Colonel W. L. Davidson, R.A., is married to Lord Albemarle's sister, Lady Theodora Keppel.

Sir James Nicholas Douglass, F.R.S., M.Inst.C.E., who died at his residence, Stella, Bonchurch, Isle of Wight, on

June 19, was born at Bow in 1826.

He was trained as a mechanical and civil engineer under his father, the late Mr. Nicholas Douglass, and Mr. James Walker, F.R.S. One of his earliest works was the construction of the Smalls Rock Lighthouse in the Bristol Channel. This was succeeded by the construction and design of towers on the many isolated and dangerous rocks such as the Longships, Great and Little Basses (Ceylon), Eddystone, and Bishop rocks. In his capacity as Engineer-in-Chief to the Honourable Corporation of Trinity House, he was frequently consulted by foreign Governments and the Colonies in connection with coast illumination. The whole of the electrical lighthouse establishments in England—namely, those at Dungeness, South Foreland, the Lizard, and St. Catherine's, were of his installation. He was a Governor of Dulwich College and the London University. On the completion of the new Eddystone Lighthouse in 1882, he received the honour of knighthood, and was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1887. He retired from his official position in 1892 owing to ill-health.

The proposal for a new statue of Byron recalls the action of the Westminster Abbey authorities more than half a century ago. Thorwaldsen completed a statue to the order of Sir John Cam Hobhouse, afterwards Lord Broughton, in 1834. But two successive Deans of the Abbey declined to admit it, so that it lay for many years in the vaults of the Custom House. At last, in 1843, Whewell, who had become Master of Trinity, Byron's old college, accepted it for the library there. Dean Ireland's refusal to take the gift for the Abbey led to an angry altercation between Broughton and Bishop Blomfield in the House of Lords, which the former described in his well-known book on Albania. Only a very few pieces of sculpture represent Byron. A bust executed by Thorwaldsen in 1816 is now owned by Lady Dorchester, Hobhouse's daughter; while Lord Malmesbury possesses the bust sculptured by Bartolini in 1822.

Count Munster was entertained to dinner in Paris on Sunday night, in honour of the completion of his quarter of a century of service as an Ambassador. London had some representation in the feast, as was fitting; for his first appointment was to the Court of St. James's, where he stayed for twelve years.

Hampstead Heath is likely to be enlarged if Londoners will be but patriotic. On Tuesday the late Sir Spencer Wells' estate of thirty acres on the West Heath was purchased, provisionally, by auction for £38,000, by a syndicate who will hand it over to the public at that price. Surely London will rise to the occasion and keep out the building speculator!

Sir Harry Keppel, the Father of the Fleet, has received a great many congratulations on attaining his ninetieth

birthday. He was born in 1809, and commanded at the destruction of the Chinese Fleet in 1857, for which he got the Legion of Honour. His first experiences of China were got in 1841, after which he saw service in the Baltic and Sebastopol. Commander Colin Keppel, of Egyptian fame, is his only son. Sir Harry is the son of the fourth Earl of Albemarle. The present peer is the eighth.

Lady Ilchester, who gave a Royal Ball on Tuesday, maintains the historic hospitality of Holland House, though in a different way from her distinguished predecessors. The founder of the Ilchester and the Holland families was Sir Stephen Fox, a handsome Cavalier, who projected Chelsea Hospital. One of his sons was created Lord Ilchester, the other was raised to the peerage as Baron Holland, the title becoming extinct in 1859, when the present Earl of Ilchester's uncle succeeded to the estates. He makes Holland House his town residence.

The return of Mr. Evelyn Cecil to Parliament as member for East Herts brings yet a third nephew of

the Premier into

the House of

Commons. Mr.

Cecil, who was

born in 1865, is

the son of Lord

Eustace Cecil,

who formerly

represented divi-

sions of Essex in

Parliament. He

was educated at

Eton and Oxford,

and is a barrister-

at-law. Early in

the present year

he married the Hon.

Alicia Amherst, third

daughter of Lord

Amherst. The

return of Mr.

Cecil has been a

source of great

satisfaction to

the High Church

party, with which he has closely identified himself. His

career will be watched with interest, not only because

political ability is strong in the Cecils, but also because

the developments of that ability are likely to be strongly

individual. The Cecils are no blind followers of

Ministries.

The Rev. Dr. Story, who has been appointed to the Principalship of Glasgow University in succession to Dr. Caird, is one of the advance guard of that party in the Church of Scotland who mix up ecclesiasticism and ecclesiology. The son of the minister of Roseneath (where he was born in 1835), he has been Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Glasgow since 1886, when he was appointed one of her Majesty's chaplains. He is a great figure in the General Assembly, has written a good deal of historical biography, and is a keen golfer.

It seems incredible that the Duke of Cambridge should not be known to the London police, yet this, it appears, is the fact. Owing to the crowd at the opening of the Press Bazaar in aid of the London Hospital, his Royal Highness was put to considerable inconvenience in his efforts to obtain admission to the Hotel Cecil. Repeatedly did the Duke make himself known to "our guardians," but for a time failed to persuade the sceptics in blue that he was indeed his Royal Highness, and not a mere strategic sightseer. The defective arrangements for admission to the opening of the Bazaar were of course far more to blame than the police.

The newly elected President of the Royal Agricultural Society of England is the Earl of Coventry. At the annual general meeting of the Society held in the show-

yard at Birming-

ham on June 21,

his Lordship as-

sumed office in

succession to Earl

Spencer. The

new President,

like his prede-

cessor, is a popular

and enthusiastic

agriculturist.

The retiring

President, Earl

Spencer, held the

position with

peculiar appro-

priateness during

the sixtieth year

of the Society's

existence, the

Lord Spencer of

sixty years ago

having been the

first to fill the presi-

dential chair. The Earl of Coventry

is the ninth of his line, and is just sixty years of age.

The only stranger among the Duchesses who attended the last State concert was the Duchess of Otranto, who is of Swedish birth. The Duchess was formerly wife of Mr. William George Grey, uncle of the present Lord Grey, who served in the diplomatic corps as a secretary. While resident in England during her first marriage, the Duchess was a Lady-in-waiting to the Princess of Wales.

Mr. W. C. Cowie, Managing Director of the British North Borneo Company, has just returned to England. In an interview he gave some interesting information regarding the rebel chief Matsalleh, whose pluck in the fight with the Company's forces he could not help admiring. Matsalleh stood fire marvellously. Out of 200 shells, 170 burst over his head, but he escaped unharmed.

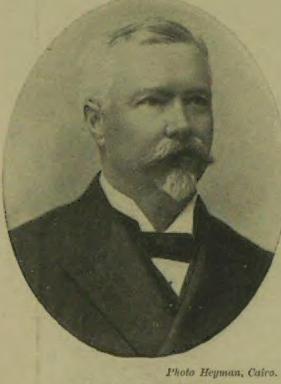


Photo Melhuish.

THE LATE SIR JAMES DOUGLASS.



Photo Barrand.

President of the Royal Agricultural Society.

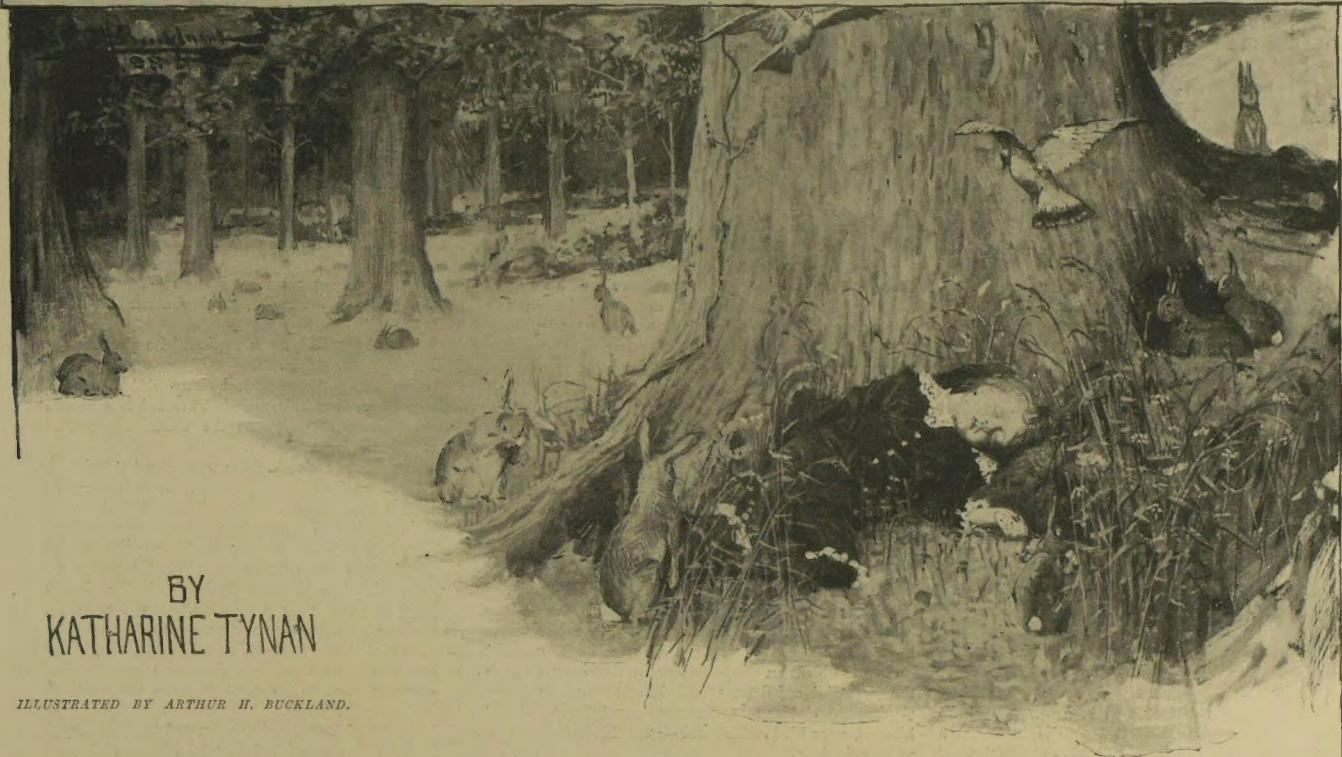
THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR



THE 71ST-UNITED STATES REGIMENT EN ROUTE FOR THE FRONT.

From a Photograph.

THE WOODS OF CLARAGH



BY
KATHARINE TYNAN

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR H. BUCKLAND.

THE woods were the glory of Claragh, and clothed with their magnificent life the old castle, builded with hands, that was crumbling the way of all mortality. Sir Brian had planted them, and had lived to see them in their young beauty when he was old almost out of memory. What wife and children are to some few of the sons of Adam, his woods were to Sir Brian. He had burdened Claragh for them, planting them thick where there might have been homesteads and crops and cattle. He had watched his woods grow with a greater sense of the renewing of his own life than he had had when he looked on his heir; he was satisfied when his thews and sinews grew slack, and his big body fell in like an insubstantial thing, because the trees had centuries yet to be young in.

A madness, people said, and, at least, it must have been a possession. He had covered miles of arable land beyond his park with the plantations. He had gone far and near for the trees, and had had the counsel of men wise in such matters when he went planting. The trees had thriven in the sun and the rain and the rich pasture about their feet; and when old Sir Brian lay dying he could look over the tops of them, further than eye could reach, a sea of warm gold and scarlet and bronze, like the feathers of a heavenly bird, all tossing in the blue autumnal air.

He had built himself a lantern-tower high over the gateway of Claragh, so that even lying in his bed he could see the woods. The trees radiated like the spokes of a wheel from the old castle, stretching away in noble avenues and grassy glades, now and again crossed by the tossing antlers of a herd of red wild deer.

The old man watched his trees during the long days he lay dying.

"They will outlive the Muskerrys," he said, more eager for his woods than another man for his race—"and my name will live with them."

It was said he had put a curse on the man who should lay an axe to the root of one of them, and whether that was so or not, the Muskerrys one after another spared the trees, though they ate into the family prosperity as ivy eats into a ruin.

The picture Sir Brian had had painted of himself it had been his whim to hang in the lantern, whence the painted eyes could look as the living had so long over the beauty of the woods. A fierce, red-faced, frowning old man, leaning forward in his chair, with his short riding-whip half raised in a threatening gesture. The forgotten artist had done his work well, for the face had life and anger in it, and except when the sunlight fell upon it the eyes looked almost savage menace. So he sat for ever watching over his woods, and it would have taken a man of coarser fibre than any Muskerry that followed him to disregard that furious old ghost up there in the picture-frame in the lantern-room.

The Muskerrys were not coarse-fibred; and as the years and the generations passed, and their poverty and their pride drew round them close as a mantle, and the woods, growing greater and more beautiful, seemed to make a

barrier between them and the world, they became moody and full of superstitions, like many an ancient race.

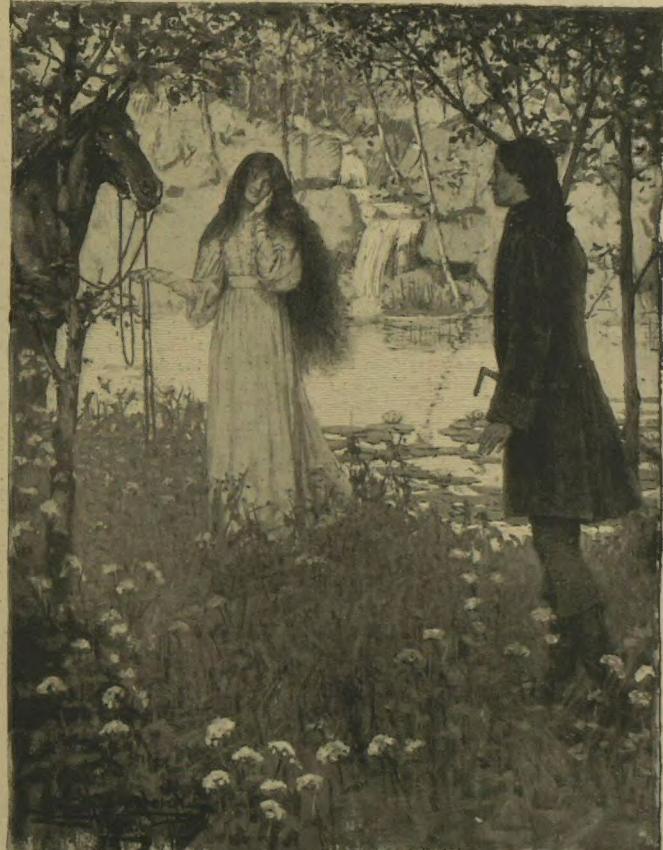
Sir Miles, the last Muskerry but one, had brought home a young bride to the castle, whose advent at first promised better things. She was a young creature and light-hearted, one of a large family of happy girls and boys; and for a while her sunny ways seemed to lift the cloud from Sir Miles's moody brow. She was sweet-natured, too, and seemed to love her husband so dearly that she never craved for the company and the pleasures natural to her youth.

Still the melancholy place must have weighed upon her, for only she and the trees were young—the immortal trees that would be young in the sunshine and the rain many an age after she had lain in the Muskerry vault. It was but natural that she should welcome her cousin, the young captain, who came with his regiment to a town not many miles from Claragh, and at first her husband seemed glad that she should have the pleasure of her cousin's visits.

But it would not have lasted for long. In the nick of time, as it seemed, the young captain went to the wars, and after he had gone it was plain my Lady fretted. Sir Miles watched her with jealous eyes of suspicion. The poor young thing was not well, and needed all his tenderness; but the cloud came down between them blacker than the blackest night. What happened when at last my Lady discovered her husband's suspicions of her, only Oona, the old nurse, could tell. It was Oona who lifted her from the floor where she found her on to the mattress where before morning the young

heir was born. It was Oona who watched the new mother die within an hour of her child's birth. Only Oona and the trees looked on the thickening of the gloom that lay upon a doomed family.

All night the trees had whispered about the house and peered in at the black windows. All night they had shivered and leant one to another till the movement and the whispers must have reached the edge of the woods miles



Her yellow hair had tumbled to her knee, and as she stood by her pony's side her eyes flashed at him through tears.

away under a sky of stormy clouds. But as the old nurse closed the eyes of the dead, the trees about the house rocked together as though in an intolerable trouble, and soon all the woods were crying and bending themselves to the earth, being lashed by a bitter storm. It was in this morning of great wind and tempest that little Sir Turlough opened his eyes on the world.

The baby was doubly orphaned. Sir Miles was found in his study with a bullet through his head when they went to tell him that his heir was born and his wife was dead.

In the gloom of the darkened house the child grew to consciousness. He had a very tender nurse in old Oona; but the old woman's eyes seemed for ever as if they saw a great horror. The songs that came to her lips to hush him to sleep were songs of death. The trouble had broken her, and she was always muttering of omens. So it was scarcely strange that the little heir was long before he even learnt to smile.

The first time the smile came to his face his cradle had been drawn near the window, for it was May, and the trees were wearing the green in its first exquisite transparent beauty. The knolls about their feet were carpeted with primroses, and here and there a tall cowslip thrust up its honeyed head. The glades were dappled with light and shade, gold and green, and the trees were all softly leaning and whispering one to another, and swaying about luxuriously in the scented May wind. The woods rocked myriads and myriads of cradles, and the air was alive with the love-songs of the thrush and blackbird, the goldfinch and the linnet.

"Ah," said the old woman, as she watched the baby smile, "he sees the angels."

But he did not see the angels—only the trees, that were scarcely less beautiful with their massed plumage of gold and green. The trees were leaning towards him and crooning, and the baby smiled and babbled in reply.

He grew up a serious child. Oona was too old to play, and a little crazed with the fate that had befallen Sir Miles, the child of her milk. He had no toys, and not even a little dog to keep him company. Sometimes the Rector, who had been his grandfather's friend, would come and sit a while in the cheerless nursery, and look wistfully at the child, and mutter to himself that it was a sad house for a baby, and that the little one ought to have companions of his own age.

But where were they to come from in that place where they were all old? The Rector had never married and his few parishioners—they were not half a dozen all told—were old. His church, with its little churchyard almost filled up with the great grey Muskerry vault, was surrounded by the woods, for Sir Brian had not found it so easy to evict his ancestors as the peasant-farmers who had made way for his planting. There were few Protestants in that country, and those there were preferred a more stirring service than the Rector gave them—all except a few old folk who came to him still for old times' sake.

But though the Rector shook his head, he, no more than the old nurse who loved the child, knew how things were to be altered, and so little Sir Turlough grew up a lonely, imaginative child, silent, though not unhappy, and as great a lover of the woods as ever Sir Brian was.

That same Sir Brian was the shadow of the child's life. That he was born under the gloom of death he did not know. There was no one to tell him except his old nurse, or the old gardener, or the devoted servants, old men and women all; for the young servants had left the house after the tragedy. All these loved the child, and looked to him with a strange hope to restore a kingdom they, at least, could never come into, since they crept about like flies on a southern pane, and the life was chill in them. But they would notadden childhood with the revelation of terrible things; and they and the old Rector were the people of his world, in which he only was young.

But once when Oona was away from the nursery, and he, a tiny boy, with the spirit of adventure stirring in his masculine breast, had climbed the stairs to the lantern-room, he came in suddenly upon the threatening figure in the portrait.

So frightened was he that he went near to having a serious illness, and afterwards, when Oona had nursed and comforted him back to life, the fear of the portrait haunted him. Though he climbed no more in those babyish days to the lantern-room he never forgot the fear it held. In the house he knew fear. Out in the woods he was fearless.

Once again in his babyhood he strayed from the side of his old nurse, nodding asleep in the sun, and wandering away down one of those golden aisles, he was presently lost.

There were terror and consternation at the castle; but the little heir, till the hunger came upon him, roamed happily, learning delicious secrets of the woods. When at last he found he was very hungry, and his cries for Oona meeting with no response, he lay down to rest, for his little feet had fared quite a long way for them, it seemed to him that the trees rocked him to sleep.

With all those tall benignant figures about him in the moonlight he forgot to fear. He lay where the roots of a great elm made a hollow like a little cradle, and with his hand under his cheek he went to sleep on a cushion of moss starred with harebells. Little rabbits came out of the fern and sat bolt upright staring at him. The squirrels, swinging from bough to bough, forbore to drop the hazelnuts close to his head lest they should wake him. In the

night as he slept the branches of the elms clustered thick above him, to shield him from the dews. The woods were full of quiet and holy calm, and in all the miles of them there were nothing but Innocencies.

They found the boy in the morning fast asleep, and more tranquil than they had often seen him, and carried him home through the young dawn. Nor did he suffer at all from his sleep out of doors.

But as he grew older his fear of Sir Brian altered. He himself would have said he had no fear, but his fascination for the memory of the ancestor who had planted the woods had in it something of a fear.

"I'm not afraid of you," he would say to the portrait. "Why should I be? You and I are one in our love for the woods. They shall never lay axe to them while I am here to prevent it."

And yet the portrait watched him with those eyes full of bitter resentment and threatening.

As he grew older he took the lantern-room for his own. So great was the fascination the woods held for him that Sir Brian's spirit might have lived again in Sir Turlough. He was never lonely with their voices about him, whether hushoing like an old nurse in the summer night, or clashing and crying in the storms of winter. The beauty of them, too, filled his heart with joy. Whether they were clad in the young green of spring, or had the darkness of summer upon them; whether they shimmered crimson and gold in autumn, or showed but a lace-work of boughs against the winter sky, they were beautiful to him.

He believed that they sorrowed with him and were glad with him. Once when he had gone near dying in a childish illness they had moaned day and night like the waves of the sea. And later, when he had come to rejoice in his youth and strength, although he was solitary, the woods in their proud beauty seemed to rejoice with him.

He had not grown up a clown in his solitude. The old Rector had taught him his Latin and Greek, and he was no dunce. He had learnt, too, to ride and swim, to fish and shoot, though for the latter he had no liking. To kill the birds on the bough or in the cover, or to shoot the beautiful red-deer, would have seemed to him like slaying the children of the woods, and these, he said to himself, were his brothers and sisters, for he too was of the wood's children.

He had a strange beauty of his own as he grew to manhood. The simplicity and innocence of his life, as well as the days, and often much of the nights, spent in the open air, had given him something of the grace and beauty of a younger world. The old Rector, as he watched him from under his shaggy brows, would murmur to himself of Hyacinthus or Narcissus. But Sir Turlough was unconscious of his beauty, for he had no standard of comparison among these old people, and if he had studied his own face in a glass he would not have known.

He rode out in the woods one golden afternoon of summer, when there was scarcely the lightest breath of air. Yet as his horse paced slowly down the long aisles he thought he caught the sound of a low sighing.

"Ah," he said, lifting his face to the roof of the tree-branches, "there will be rain to-night."

But presently he forgot the sighing of the woods, for a wonderful thing happened. In one of the sweetest glades of all, where a little lake full of water-lilies received a waterfall that sprang over a crag, he came upon a vision so beautiful that he could only leap from his horse, cap in hand, and gaze without speaking.

It was a very young girl with a small pale face, round and childish. The face had grey eyes, almost black in the iris, and shaded by long lashes. Her yellow hair had tumbled to her knee, and as she stood by her pony's side her eyes flashed at him through tears.

"Your woods are unmannly, Sir," she said, "I was riding under these limes and a branch struck at me across the cheek. See, I shall carry the mark!"

He looked at her half dazed, and saw across her warm cheek a weal of red. A sudden tremble of anger against the lime ran through him.

"It ought to be cut," he murmured; "they are allowed to grow too free."

"It is the first time I have ridden in your woods," she said, with the same half-childish anger, "and they are malignant. I have had to turn many a time to avoid your rough branches; and if Hero had not been the cleverest of beasts the roots would have thrown us a dozen times."

"They grow too freely," he repeated, and the trees heard him and sighed, as one might sigh overhearing the perfidy of a friend.

"Let your trees be," she said imperiously. "I am tired of them, and the blow has made me feel faint."

"Sit here," he said humbly, indicating a knoll below an elm-tree, the very one, indeed, which had cradled him when he was a lost child. "Sit here and rest, and I will bathe your cheek with this spring water."

She suffered herself to be led to the knoll, where she sat like a princess. Then she handed him a fairy-fine web of lawn, and directed him to bathe her hurt.

To the boy who had known no women except old Oona and the housekeeper, and who had read much Pagan poetry, she seemed a young goddess rather than human. While he washed the bruise she sat with downcast eyes, covered with white lids finely veined. As he bathed

with the water the cheek finer than rose-leaves he felt her breath on his hand. The wind stirred in her hair, and blew a strand of its gold against his cheek. His heart hammered in his ears as he knelt beside her.

At last she took the handkerchief from his hand, and looked at him with a gentle expression more bewildering than her anger.

"Thank you," she said, "the pain is less. So you are Sir Turlough Muskerry?"

"Yes," he said shyly, "and you?"

"I am Eileen Fitzmaurice," she said. "And I am as lonely as you, for my mother died long since, and my father is for ever at the Court in London. They told me I must not enter these woods, but I have always wanted to, and to-day Hero and I escaped while old Walter was mending a broken stirrup-leather. I am glad I came, although your woods give me no welcome."

"And I, too," he said, in an impassioned whisper.

"I, too, am glad."

She looked at him with an alarm which had a hint of coquetry.

"Now bring me Hero," she said, "or I shall not get home in time before Walter has alarmed the house with my loss."

"But you will come again?" he pleaded, as he lifted her into her saddle.

"Perhaps," she said, looking at him from amid the confusion of her hair, and Sir Turlough turned red and pale.

He rode with her to the woods' edges—further she would not have him go.

"I am not afraid of the open country," she said, "and I shall scamper home merrily. It is of your woods now they are full of shadows that I am afraid."

He followed her eyes to where the woods lay behind them. They had an aspect, indeed, lonely and full of gloom, and the nearest trees loant towards them with bowed heads as if with faces hidden in their hands.

"You will not fear them when you know them," he said. "You do not know what they are to me."

But though he tried to make her see the woods with something of his own eyes through the golden days of that summer, she would not. She came, indeed, to the woods because she was not likely to be sought there, when she had escaped from the old groom and her blushing governess, but she always declared they frightened her.

"They are like a belt of death," she cried, "between you and the world."

And all that golden summer the woods wore their strange air of patience and waiting. Only at night, in the moonlight, they trembled as at some wind of trouble far off, and the scent that rose from them was a scent of bruised things.

Then there was a day of wind and rain, and though Sir Turlough kept the tryst with his love, he hardly looked to see her. But she came through the rain, and her eyes were red with weeping. With a nameless premonition of evil he drew her within the woods' shelter, into a copse where the trees stood so close that no rain reached them, though they could hear a million million drops on the roof of leaves overhead.

"The Earl, my father, has returned," she said, when he had taken her in his arms, "and he has bidden me get ready to go with him to England. He says I am of marriageable age, and shall wed my cousin, Richard Vaux."

"But he does not know that you are promised to me," cried the young man incredulously.

"He would laugh if he did. He would treat us as children, and take all our sorrow as a rare jest."

"I shall go to him and he will not laugh at me. I am a man, and not to be trifled with. He cannot separate us, Eileen."

"Ah, but he will! He will ask you where is your patrimony. Cousin Dick is very rich."

"And I am poor, my beloved, but you have given me your love."

"Oh, yes, Turlough, I love you; and Cousin Dick is yellower than an orange, my father says, while you are comely and young and strong. But Cousin Dick can give me the diamonds and the fine dresses—that is what my father would say. He thinks a woman wants for no more."

"But you are not so light. You would rather have love than jewels and silks."

"How can you ask me, Turlough? Still, jewels and silks are very nice things. If only the woods had not swallowed up all your money!"

The woods shook with a sudden storm, and the rain was blown in their faces like tears.

Sir Turlough slept ill that night. He said to himself that it was natural Eileen should care for fine jewels, being a woman and young. And the woods that had never failed him were ill at ease. The air was full of their crying that was like a wind.

The next day he saw Lord Kilfenora, and told him that he loved his daughter and desired to marry her. The Earl leant against the chimney-piece and regarded Sir Turlough with a not unfriendly smile. He was a tall man with a skin like parchment, and innumerable fine lines of laughter round his thin lips and his colourless, tired eyes.

"A very pretty romance, upon my word," he said, breaking silence at last; "and if I were a rich man, you should have her. But I have made as pretty a hash of

my fortunes with the green cloth as ever your ancestor or his with his timber."

"We can do without wealth," began the lover; but the Earl lifted his hand.

"You mean you can give her a nest of owls and spiders. I know the repute of Claragh, you see, though I keep out of this place as much as I can. Besides, Dickon has my word. Look here, my lad, forget her. None of her sex is worth a sigh. Come with me to Court, and I shall marry you in a year to a beauty and an heiress."

Sir Turlough interrupted him haughtily—

"I came to propose marriage to your daughter."

"To offer her the bats and spiders. She would give me little thanks afterwards if I said yes. She shall go to England with me and marry Dickon."

"She will marry me," said Sir Turlough.

"Have sense, my lad. She would lead you the devil's life once she had got over her midsummer madness, if she did not die, indeed, of your mouldering castle. She loves gauds like any other woman. She will be happy with Dickon."

"She will never marry him," said Sir Turlough, white

and joy and the immortal youth he was asked to destroy, that he, a creature of a day, should have his desire.

"And you will sell the woods?" cried Lady Eileen, guessing the cause of his silence; "you will sell them because you love me the best?"

"You are asking me to sell more than flesh and blood," he answered; and the courage in him rose up to say that he would not buy even her at such a price.

But he was young and his love a madness, and she was bewilderingly sweet to him, and her caresses seemed to draw the will out of him, as already she had drawn the heart. Before he left her he had given his word that the woods should be sold.

When he went out into the night, and the glamour of her presence was withdrawn, he realised what he had done, and he rode home with his head almost to the saddle-bow.

As he rode through the betrayed woods he did not dare to listen to their murmurs, that now as ever followed him with a more than human tenderness. He heard what they did not—the sound of the axe laid to their roots; he saw their beauty down and in ruins, the woods gone, the wood-

reamer had given way to a look of rigid horror, and the staring eyeballs were an image of fear. He had been dead some hours, and he bore no trace of injury except the livid weal across his face where a riding-whip had struck him.

He was the last Muskerry of Claragh, and when the place passed to other hands the new lord found the woods so eerie and full of sadness that he cut them down. But the Lady Eileen married her cousin within the twelvemonth.

THE END.

A silver model of a galleon, or ancient ship, has been presented to Mr. Justice Phillimore by members of the Bar in the Admiralty Court on his promotion to be one of the Judges of the High Court of Justice.

The international conference at Brussels of Government delegates upon the questions of the sugar duties and bounties seems now to be making some progress with its deliberations, which may possibly have a satisfactory result.

The projected light railway over Richmond Hill to Hampton Court, proposed by the United Tramways Company, has been abandoned in consequence of strong



The smile of the dreamer had given way to a look of rigid horror, and the staring eyeballs were an image of fear.

and resolute. "She will marry me, though I had to cross Hell to reach her!"

The Earl looked at him with an odd light of admiration in his eyes.

"Why," he said, "you are a fine fellow, and the little hussy has taste. And Dickon is only the withered rind of a man, and the colour of his guineas. Why, by heavens! you shall have her. Turn your trees into gold and the thing is done. They are buying much wood for the King's ships this year. They say we shall go to war with the Dutch."

"Sell the woods!" said Sir Turlough incredulously—and in his ears there was the sound of their tender cradling when he was a child.

"Aye, sell the woods, and you shall have her," repeated the Earl, not noticing or understanding his agitation.

He flung open a side door and called to his daughter.

"Come here, you minx. You are to have your will after all. Come and talk to your lover."

He left them together, and went out smiling to himself at the thought of Lord Richard's discomfiture. "He was too close with his money," he said with enjoyment; "closer than any gentleman ought to be."

Then Sir Turlough was silent while Lady Eileen lay on his breast, but in his heart was the thought of all the glory

creatures homeless, all that radiant life and innocence vanished like a dream.

He went upstairs to the lantern-room heavily and feeling dead tired. The moon had risen, and lay in a broad silver stream on the hand in Sir Brian's portrait clutching the riding-whip. Sir Turlough shivered with a half-superstitious terror, as if a wind of fear had blown him out of his childhood.

But he was too mortally tired to remember long. He flung himself on his bed dressed as he was, and as the moon rose higher and flooded the chamber it fell on him as he lay with his arm above his head and his lips faintly smiling. For the last time the woods had sung him asleep.

Towards morning there was a break in the fine weather, and the rain was drenching the attics of the castle and flooding the lower floors, while the wind raved and beat about the old house, full of cracks and gaping fissures.

Old Oona wakened early to a wild dawn, and heard the trees of the wood crying like mad creatures. Her first thought was for her nurseling. Had he come home last night, or was he somewhere safe in shelter? The wind and the crying of the woods deafened her as she went feebly up the steps to the lantern-room.

She found Sir Turlough lying on his back, as he had flung himself down last night; but the smile of the

opposition by the town Corporations of Richmond and Kingston, the Surrey County Council, the local authorities, and public opinion of that neighbourhood.

Australian Federation, defeated for the time by the adverse vote of New South Wales, appears likely to encounter further difficulty in that colony, the Ministry of which demands to have the Federal capital, with special privileges, secured to New South Wales, and some other conditions not acceptable to her neighbours, in the Federation scheme.

The Bill for the annexation of Hawaii to the United States of America has passed the House of Representatives in Congress at Washington, by a very large majority of votes, and is referred to the vote of the Senate by the Committee on Foreign Relations, with the support of the President's Government.

The trade of the United Kingdom with foreign countries and British possessions last year amounted to the value of £451,000,000 in imports, and exports £294,000,000, being an increase of ten millions sterling in imports, but a slight decrease of exports, compared with the year before. Of the exports, British products and manufactures amounted to over £234,000,000, the remainder being foreign and colonial merchandise for re-exportation.



VENETIAN EVENSONG.

After a Photograph by Braun, Clement, and Co., Paris.

THE SOUDAN ADVANCE: SPORT AT THE FRONT.

From Sketches by Surgeon-Lieutenant S. Lyle Cummins.



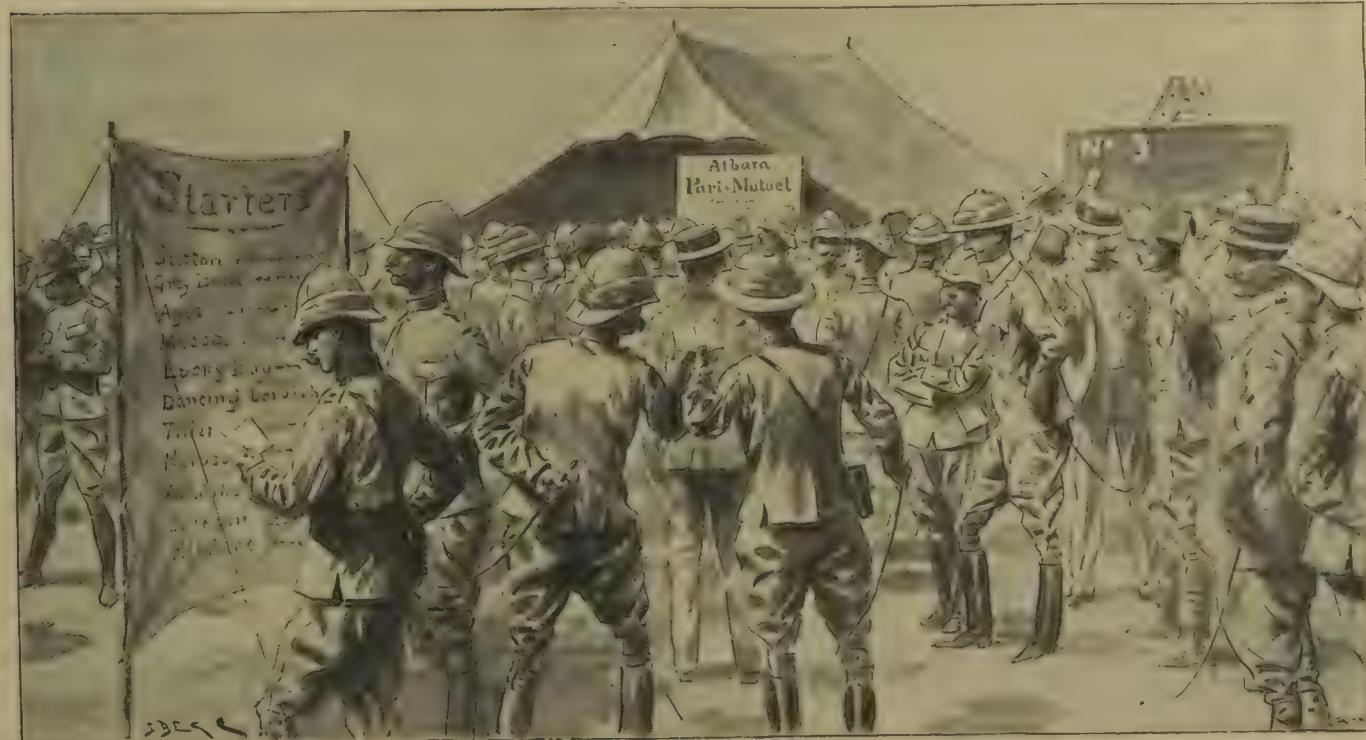
THE FINISH FOR THE "ATBARA DERBY."

THE "ATBARA DERBY."

The British officers in the Soudan, not to be done out of the sports of home, on June 4 organised at Darmali a "Nile Epsom Summer Meeting," which was voted as great a success in its way as the battle of Atbara. The "correct card," written in violet ink on note-paper, which has been forwarded to *The Illustrated London News*, is a curiosity. Its five events were: the "El Sellem" Hurdle Race, Frontier Polo Scurry, the Atbara Derby, the Darmali Handicap, and the Mahmud Sweepstakes. Darmali was

en fête for the occasion, the English officers of the Egyptian army coming in from all the stations round to take part in and see the racing. The stewards included Major-General Gatacre, Lieutenant-Colonel Forbes, and Major Ifaceket-Thompson, the second named acting as starter, the last as judge. The distance in the first event was half a mile, in the second three furlongs, in the third five furlongs, in the fourth three furlongs, and in the last five furlongs. The races were run at intervals of half an hour, beginning at 4 p.m. For the "El Sellem" Hurdle Race six ran, for the Polo Scurry sixteen, fifteen

for the Atbara Derby, six for the Darmali Handicap, and twelve for the Darmali Sweepstakes; so that there was a capital field. The great event of the afternoon was, most appropriately, called after the recent successful battle, as most of the riders and ponies had been through the Atbara engagement. The "Derby" was won by Captain Fair (21st Lancers), on his "Lucky Boy." Captain Smith, of the Army Pay Department, managed the "Pari-Mutuel," a system of profit and loss specially adapted to the requirements of the British subaltern. The meeting was voted a most enjoyable relief from the monotony of camp life.



OUTSIDE THE OFFICE OF THE "PARI-MUTUEL."

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Paul Kruger and His Times. By Reginald Statham. (Fisher Unwin.)
Across the Sub-Arctic of Canada. By J. W. Tyrrell, C.E., D.L.S. (Fisher Unwin.)
British Guiana. By the Rev. L. Crookall. (Fisher Unwin.)
Through Persia on a Side-Saddle. By Ella C. Sykes. (A. D. Innes and Co.)
William Stokes. By his Son, Sir William Stokes. *Masters of Medicine Series.* Vol. IV. (Fisher Unwin.)
Plays: Pleasant and Unpleasant. By Bernard Shaw. (Grant Richards.)
W. G. Wills, Dramatist and Painter. By Freeman Wills. (Longmans.)

In Mr. Statham's presentation of the South African melodrama, Kruger is the hero and Rhodes is the villain of the piece. That is a legitimate enough view; but it is, when set forth with all the emphasis of which type is capable, likely to induce moderation or to allay the suspicion with which every fresh act of the Transvaal Government is coming to be regarded in this country? Mr. Statham would be twice as convincing if he were not half so polemical. To those of us who understand and sympathise with Mr. Rhodes's high Imperial aims, it is futile itself to represent him as a common brigand; and if, as Mr. Statham has it, the rule of Mr. Chamberlain has sown in South Africa nothing but "resentment and mistrust," how is it that in every other part of our colonial empire it has been attended with confidence and prosperity? According to Mr. Statham, we have no more rights of suzerainty than the Uitlander has grievances. With the one we parted when the London Convention was signed: the other is simply a bogey devised by the South African millionaires to persuade the good easy folk at home. The historical portions of the book are valuable and interesting, but it is hardly in nature to produce so violent a moral contrast as Mr. Statham achieves in his imaginary characters of Rhodes and Kruger.

Mr. J. W. Tyrrell, who with his brother crossed the unknown "Barren Lands" of Canada at the mandate of Government, is most interesting on the topic of the Eskimos. They are a strange people, who clean their boots by chewing them, and whose appetite is conditioned by nothing save the size of the meal. Mr. Tyrrell, indeed, heard of one lady who overate herself so that she was buried for dead, and did not revive for two days. But that meal was a whale, which affords a good deal of feeding even to stomachs which do not groan under the daily luxury of walrus hide. These weird folk have a law that no one shall eat deer meat and walrus on the same day, or do any sewing in a house where a person is ill. To a certain extent they are Socialists, for any big game that comes their way in the winter is equally divided; and they eke out a sort of patchwork Sunday by declining to work, on conscientious grounds, after the sunset of each day. Perhaps some day Mr. Tyrrell may write, out of his great experience among them, a more elaborate and exhaustive account of these ethnological freaks.

Some wicked fairy has denied to the Rev. L. Crookall the gift of telling a plain story in a straightforward way. To read his account of British Guiana is rather like climbing a hill where, having expected to walk, you find yourself compelled to leap from crag to crag. Only a mind with the agility of a chamois can peruse it and not find it irritating in its absolute lack of sequence, its abrupt deviations from the point. You find picturesque little descriptions of tropical scenery sandwiched in between scraps of "home" conversation, or tapering off into watery sentiment on deceased poets, or into hopelessly inappropriate theological reflections. Mr. Crookall is a missionary, and one gathers that the professional necessity for simple illustration is with him even when he sits down to write for Paternoster Row. In spite of all, the book contains much that is quaint and interesting about a country of which one hears little, and, as a rule, knows less.

Ella C. Sykes's adventures in Persia were not very thrilling; but she has a good deal of pleasant gossip concerning the ways of a part of the world where no European woman had been before her. She went not as an explorer, or even as a tourist, but as housekeeper to her brother, who was commissioned to found a Consulate in the district of Kerman. It is pathetic to notice that even there Miss Sykes's chief trouble was the servants. The Persians are incurably lazy and ungrateful, and their thievery!—Miss Sykes thinks that "the Persian domestic's idea of service is to purloin as much as he can. Once I called Hashim, who was an adept in such practices, a thief. He was deeply hurt, and explained to me at considerable length that it is not accounted stealing to take food, as the more of his master's food a servant eats so much the stronger is he to serve him!" Miss Sykes was not impressed with Court life in Persia. It seems that the late Shah was so struck by the costume of the Paris ballet-girls that on his return he ordered all her wives to follow that brief and airy fashion, and they do it still.

When Gladstone was on his deathbed, a leading paper came out one morning with the information for the public that the end was near—the respirations were "change-stroke." The "Cheyne-Stokes" type of respiration, an ominous manner of breathing, named so from the physicians that first described it, was evidently not a familiar term in the reporter's vocabulary, and he had to make sense out of it. William Stokes, one of the physicians that described this symptom, was for the middle half of this century leader of the most brilliant school of medicine Dublin has ever seen. His life, by his son, Sir William Stokes, Surgeon-in-Ordinary to the Queen in Ireland, has just been published. The life of an Irish doctor, of course, is a life brimful of wit and humour; in this case, also of philanthropic endeavour, of high aims, and of hard work. But Stokes, like nearly all the Irishmen that come to play a part in the world's history, was born on the east side of Ireland, and of Saxon descent. He was of a family of scholars that played a large part in the learned life of Trinity College, Dublin. Sir George Gabriel Stokes, late President of the Royal Society, belongs to the same

family. Stokes was a man for his day and generation; except for his example, the future is but little indebted to him. As a medical student in Edinburgh, he introduced to the British physician Laennec's new instrument for examining the chest, an instrument now familiar to everyone—the stethoscope. He raised up a race of doctors; he trained their eyes and their hands; he wrote books on "Diseases of the Lungs and Heart," but we do not think that their utility will extend, except in a historical way, beyond the present century. In this biography we get a peep of a not very happy or successful dinner-party given by Stokes to introduce Carlyle to the men of culture and learning of the Irish capital. The Scotch sage was on a visit to Ireland in 1849, when the country still suffered miserably from the effects of the great famine. He appears to have been in a specially cross and churlish mood, and his record of the dinner was that his courteous and polished host was a "rather fierce, sinister looking man," and that he, "at eleven o'clock, was glad to get away." Good impressions were not the tokens Carlyle cared to leave behind him, and he made no exception on this occasion. "I have met many bores," said Stokes, "but Carlyle is hyperborean." "He became more and more gloomy, emphatic, and contradictory as the evening wore on." Carlyle had evidently been in one of his most picturesque moods. Both Stokes and Carlyle were working for the salvation of Ireland—the one with his stethoscope, the other with his pen; and with the perspective time gives, it may be safely said the Irish physician did much more than the blatant Scotchman. Ireland was to be saved, according to Stokes, by every man doing his day's work in the very best possible manner, and he did his in such a way that the Dublin Medical School took its stand in the front rank of European schools.

Mr. Bernard Shaw, whatever else his gifts, has the invaluable power of arresting your attention; and so the plays which he has published have called for more notice than any other English dramas in print in our time. What attracts or what repels—and in each case the feeling is intense—is really Mr. Shaw's philosophy, not his skill as a dramatist. It has just been the same with Ibsen. Nobody has denied his knowledge of the stage. What we have denounced, what we have praised, is his scheme of life, which, cast in play form, has called for greater notice than if it had been expressed polemically in a pamphlet. If you have read that strange book, "The Quintessence of Ibsenism," you will be thoroughly prepared for these "Plays: Pleasant and Unpleasant." Mr. Shaw, in a delightful preface, advances on his earlier ground, and proceeds to illustrate his point of view with practical examples. "Widowers' House" remains an unblushing pamphlet; but "Mrs. Warren's Profession" is a real living play. Its grimness has not been equalled by any dramatist of our day. The story is not pleasant, but it is worked out with remarkable courage and with uncompromising adherence to its initial premises. Not that it is a mere philosophical tirade: it grips you from first to last; it is full of sustained interest. The scene in which the ex-Girton girl learns what her mother's "profession" is, is too tense to be set aside as "nasty"; and it gathers in power when the girl confronts her mother's partner in the business, Sir George Crofts. Having read this play, you can understand why Mr. Shaw was one of the few critics who did not appraise "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" as an epoch-making play. "Mrs. Warren's Profession," which the Censor rejected, takes us infinitely farther on the road. Mr. Shaw as a humorist we all know; and his play "Arms and the Man" proved that he possessed a unique sense of fantastic comedy. The play is full of that curious philosophic diablerie in which Mr. Shaw revels. Conceived in the spirit of humour, it must be received with humour. Mr. Richard Mansfield has placed it in his regular répertoire, which seems to indicate that the American playgoer is more intelligent than the Londoner, for "Arms and the Man" has plenty of brains in it. "Candida" has been seen only in the provinces; "The Man of Destiny" and "You Never Can Tell" were to have been produced at the Lyceum and the Haymarket respectively, but never appeared. That indicates the orthodox manager's attitude to Mr. Shaw's work. Yet both are infinitely more clever and more amusing than three-fourths of the humour that runs over hundreds of nights. To those who know Mr. Shaw already these plays will be revelation of the many sides of his cleverness; to those who do not, they will open a wide road for reflection, as no other modern plays in English can hope to do.

The late Mr. W. G. Wills, like Mr. Shaw, was also an Irishman (he was born at Kilfane in 1828); he, too, was a reformer in the theatre—"he restored poetry to the stage at a time when poetic drama was supposed to be dead"—but he came at the wrong time for recognition, and to-day he "is but a name." We all know his charming "Olivia" and his "Charles I.," yet to the thousands who have seen these plays Sir Henry Irving, the interpreter, is everything: W. G. Wills, their creator, is an empty name—if, indeed, that; while not one concert-goer in a hundred thousand has any idea that he wrote "I'll sing thee songs of Araby." He came to London in 1862, and from that time till his death in 1891 lived and moved in Bohemia (and died in a hospital). Mr. Freeman Wills has thus had considerable difficulty in reconstructing the story of his brother's life and work, which began in 1867 with "The Man o' Arie," produced by Mr. Hermann Vezin at the Royalty. He wrote no fewer than thirty-three plays for seventeen different theatres (four of them in the provinces). Of these, "Charles I.," "Olivia," and "Faust" are the best remembered of his contributions to the Lyceum répertoire. "Jane Shore," "A Royal Divorce," and "Clandian" are still frequently played in the provinces, and his dramatisation of "Jane Eyre," though unsuccessful, is remembered as a piece of literary history. The rest have all gone. Wills went down the years in melancholy, and his biographer cannot escape from an attitude of constant regrets. The book is of considerable value to the student of Victorian drama. It is interesting to note that Mr. Robert Martin (the author of "Ballyhooly") was Mr. Wills's cousin.

A LITERARY LETTER.

Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, one of the best known of American poets, whose "Wayside Harp, and Other Verses," is not, happily, entirely unknown in this country, will shortly publish, through Mr. Grant Richards, a volume of poems dealing with English associations. Of course, under the word "English" Miss Guiney intends to include Irish and Welsh, for she is, by origin at least, an Irishwoman, and her associations with Wales are well known, not the least of them being her successful effort to secure the renovation of the tomb of Vaughan, the Siurist.

For the editor of a literary journal to publish a story is indeed to be greatly daring. Mr. Lewis Hind, however, the editor of the *Academy*, will shortly publish a romance entitled "The Enchanted Stone." Mr. Hind, apart from his journalistic achievements, has already made some reputation as a writer of excellent short stories. Now is the opportunity for those writers who have not always received what they consider the most friendly treatment from the *Academy* newspaper to avenge themselves. Who is there among us, indeed, who does not think that his or her literary work is inadequately appreciated by the literary newspapers? But, alas! we do not often get such an opportunity of speedy revenge. "Oh, that mine adversary had written a book!" is an utterance which one naturally repeats with redoubled vigour when the enemy is the editor of an influential review.

For some time we have read with considerable pleasure the articles inscribed as by "A Son of the Marshes." It is not generally known, I think, who that "Son of the Marshes" is, although it is fairly well understood that these capital nature-studies were written by Mrs. Owen Visser in conjunction with some very intimate student of nature. That intimate student of nature is, I have just learned, a Mr. Denham Jordan, who resides at Dorking.

An announcement which I found in the *City Press*, to the effect that the Corporation of London was about to make an improvement at Wood Street, Cheapside, and were about to widen Wood Street and improve it out of all knowledge, filled me with considerable alarm, mainly on account of the tree at the corner which bends over into Cheapside. I never pass down that busy thoroughfare without taking pleasure in the contrast which that well-known tree affords in the midst of such incongruous surroundings, and without, of course, recalling Wordsworth's famous poem. Happily, however, I have received authoritative information that the tree is to be spared. Wordsworth does not, of course, mention the tree itself, but one is quite certain that his "Reverie of Poor Susan"—those verses so indifferent as poetry, yet so admirable in their intellectual strength—must have been partly inspired by it.

The question whether Shakspere ever set eyes on the sea has been revived by a contemporary, and it is urged—I think with absolute force—that he never did see the sea, and that all his descriptions are from imagination and not from knowledge and observation. I do not for a moment believe that Shakspere ever went anywhere except from Stratford to London and from London to Stratford. He knew his own county well, and it was enough.

Yet another publisher—Mr. Moran, of Aberdeen—whose first circular displays considerable ingenuity in advertising. He announces a book by Mr. Bartholomew Teeling, entitled "My First Prisoner," and he then goes on to tell us that Mr. Teeling is a grandnephew of Bartholomew Teeling, who was hanged in Dublin by the English Government at the time of the Irish Rebellion of '98. Mr. Teeling, we are further informed, has himself had an interesting career, having fought with the Pontifical Zouaves on behalf of the Pope, and having been at one time governor of an Irish prison. But all this is a novel recommendation for a book, is it not?

Aberdeen would seem to be a city of good things. There is, for example, a lectureship in history advertised in the *Athenaeum*. The salary is two hundred a year, and the lectureship lasts for five years, from October next. From one's observation of lecturers generally, they seem to be such comfortable people; they lounge through life and find so much pleasure in it, that it must be a nice thing to be a lecturer. There are hundreds of us here in London who pride ourselves on our historical knowledge, who would be glad to take the post; but, alas! there is one condition. The lecturer will be required to reside in Aberdeen during each winter session. Aberdeenians, it is true, are in the habit of invading London pretty regularly; some of us find their society quite bracing and invigorating; but whether Londoners are prepared, on their side, to invade Aberdeen is another story.

Mr. Harvey Thomas, of the *Graphic*, sends me a copy of the book which has been arranged for the Press Bazaar of the London Hospital. It is called "Pen and Pencil: a Souvenir of the Press Bazaar," and copies can be obtained by sending 5s. 6d. to Mr. Thomas, at the *Graphic* Office. The book is more than worth the money. It contains delightful reproductions of pictures by well-known artists and contributions by distinguished literary men—including Mr. Swinburne, Dr. Conan Doyle, the Poet Laureate and Sir Edwin Arnold. "Anthony Hope" sends his contribution what he tells me is the only poem he ever wrote—

Life is Love, the poets tell us
 In the little books they sell us;
 But pray, Ma'm, what's of Life the use
 If Life be love? For Love's the Duce.

Messrs. Longmans are publishing in a few days the first volume of a new edition of Macaulay's works. From the prospectus I judge that the edition will be very much superior to any "Macaulay" that has been published since the days of the first Library Edition. There will be twelve volumes, printed on antique paper from a new type, and each volume will contain a portrait specially prepared for the edition, which is to be called "The Albany." It will be remembered that Macaulay once had chambers in the Albany. C. K. S.



ON BOARD THE AMERICAN TROOP-SHIP "BERKSHIRE," NO. 9: WITH BATTERY 2.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT.

In the hammock is Colonel Dillenbach. The officer reading is Captain Conkling. Right and left of him are Messrs. Woodward and Bowers, midshipmen, two of that rank having been told off as signal officers to each transport.

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.



EMBARKATION OF MULES FOR TRANSPORTATION TO CUBA.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

T H E S P A N I S H - A M E R I C A N W A R.



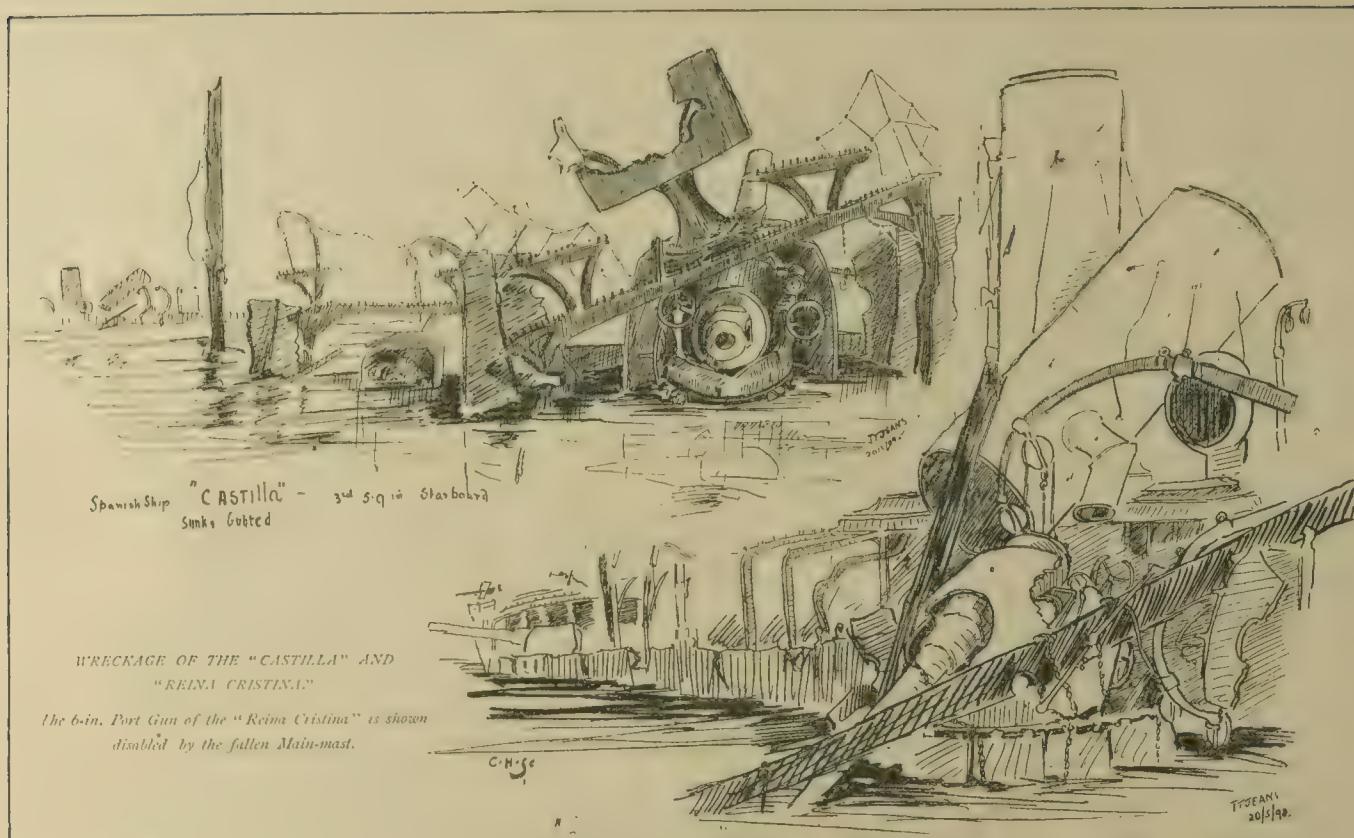
THE UNITED STATES MOBILISATION AT TAMPA: SHIPPING ARTILLERY.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.



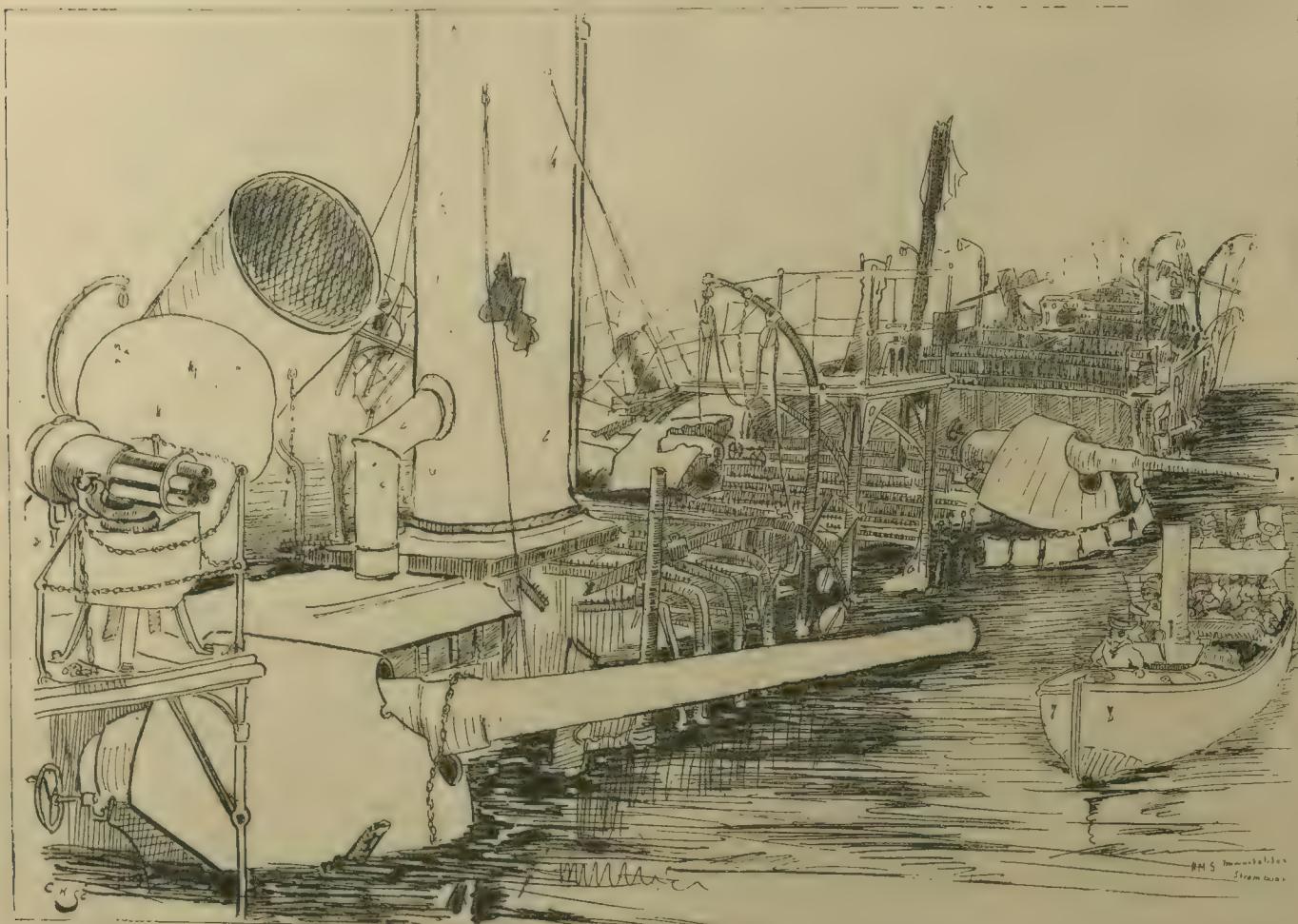
A REGATTA ON THE NORFOLK BROADS.

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.



THE DESTROYED SPANISH WAR-VESSELS AT CAVITE.

Facsimile Sketches by T. T. Jeans, R.N.



THE DESTROYED SPANISH WAR-VESSELS AT CAVITE: GENERAL VIEW OF THE "REINA CRISTINA."

Facsimile Sketch by T. T. Jeans, R.N.

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.



THE BLOCKADE OF MANILA: SPANISH VESSELS IN THE RIVER.

FROM A SKETCH BY T. T. JEANS, R.N.

The river at Manila is crowded for a mile below the first bridge, by a large number of Spanish steamers and ships. The vessels were lightened and taken up stream to escape capture by the American Squadron.

ADMIRAL AUNON, THE SPANISH MINISTER OF MARINE, ON BOARD THE BATTLE-SHIP "PELAYO" AT CADIZ.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. T. ANDREU.

The officer walking full in front is Admiral Aunon, the one next to him and turned somewhat towards him is Rear-Admiral Camara, commanding the Cadiz squadron. In the second line on the left is Captain Hediger, Camara's chief staff officer. Beside him is Admiral Churruca, the naval Commanders-in-Chief at Cadiz. Churruca is a direct descendant of the famous Churruca, the Spanish second in command at the Battle of Trafalgar.

MUSIC.

The Philharmonic Concert of Thursday, June 23, was the last of the present series given by that antique and powerful society this season. M. Saint-Saëns was the hero of the evening, conducting a series of his clever but somewhat cryptic works. We say "cryptic," because, although M. Saint-Saëns is an exceedingly entertaining composer in quite a quantity of various styles, we cannot easily find the abode where this musician's own personality dwells. His Symphony in A minor was the chief item of the concert, and, on the whole, it went well; the orchestra, that is, played it with spirit and understanding, and probably brought out of it every detail of beauty which it contains. But that beauty did not, by some freak of nature, seem to contain anything really original or attractive. The first movement, for example, seemed cheerfully reminiscent of Handel and of the best music of Handel's period; the Adagio seemed an echo of Mozart, without his sincerity, without the keen simplicity of his inspiration, without the poignant quality of his sweetness. And the final movements were trivial. Madame Marchesi sang the same composer's "La Fiancée du Timbaleur" triumphantly, a song of great pretension and of admirable achievement.

The same concert witnessed the production of Max Bruch's Scotch Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, the solo

and consummate finish, have been easily surpassed. It was a pity, however, that she chose to make a too florid ending of a concluding phrase which Mozart has already made quite florid enough. "The Last Rose of Summer," "Home, Sweet Home," "From Mighty Kings," and "Pur L'essai," were among other songs with which she overjoyed a lazily appreciative audience. Miss Clara Butt's singing was extremely powerful, and she received a rapturous encore for her rendering of "O, ma Tyre immortelle." Mr. Edward Lloyd sang, among other songs, "When other lips," and Mr. Santley was at his best, for these days, in selections from "Elijah," and in Handel's "Why do the Nations?"

Perhaps, however, the most impressive point about the concert was the performance of six stanzas from Berlioz' "Dies Irae," from his "Requiem," which is better known by repute than by public knowledge. That performance involved a six-part chorus and no less than five orchestras. The chorus was really in admirable form, and Mr. Manns directed his scattered forces with a perfectly marvellous energy and sense of unity. The result was tremendously impressive. Though this work has been performed only once in England during its sixty odd years of life, it must always remain among the colossal productions of the human brain—among the greatest orchestral compositions that were ever set upon paper.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"RAGGED ROBIN" AT HER MAJESTY'S.

To stage the poetry of vagabondage in French needed a master touch like that of M. Richépin. To transfer the whole atmosphere to a different soil, and to tell the story in the Dorset dialect, seemed, in advance, very inadvisable. Thus it says much for the skill with which Mr. Parker has effected the transformation, and for the charm of Mr. Tree's mounting, that "Ragged Robin" is at all possible. The Romany Ragged Robin dances, it is true, in fetters, but it needs very little imagination to see the essential poetry of the gipsy's whole existence. Robin left the highroad one summer's day, and hired himself as a harvest hand to Farmer Stokes of Dorset. The farmer favoured him alone of all the workers. He was popular with most of his fellows. He was loved by one of the charming maids on the farm—to the point that he ought to have married her. But despite all inducements to stay, the instincts of the free, untrammelled wastrel would out, and he went back to the highway that had bred him. Approach him in any spirit but that of imagination, and Ragged Robin immediately resolves himself into a heartless blackguard. And he ends as he began. After a lapse of two-and-twenty years he returns to the village, to be stirred to the depths of his soul (as only a French father could be) by finding that a son had been born to him and



H.M.S. "HOWE." THE FIRST BATTLE-SHIP EVER DOCKED IN IRELAND.

FROM A SKETCH BY THE REV. W. C. BOURCHIER, CHAPLAIN R.N.

Haulbowline Island, the only naval yard in Ireland, has acquired a new importance through the docking there on Accession Day, June 20, of the battle-ship "Howe," which, with the "Dreadnought" and all gun-boats on the coast, will in future be docked in the same place. The yard has lain practically idle since it was founded in 1869 by Earl Spencer. As no battle-ship had ever been docked before in Ireland, a large concourse of people witnessed the interesting event.

part being taken by M. Adamowski. Sir Alexander Mackenzie, who conducted, is of course an ardent Scotchman, with a profound belief in his national Muse. But, after all, the Philharmonic Society does not address itself exclusively to Scotchmen; and may one not suggest that at these concerts we have been having just a little "too much Scotch"? What with "Diarmid," and "Ravenswood," and "Scotch Rhapsodies," and a Pibroch Suite, and "From the North," and a "Scottish Concerto," and "The Little Minister" and "Aus dem Schottischen Hochland," and "Ship o' the Fiend" and "Highland Memories," we shall soon begin to think that a regular system of proselytisation is in force to persuade us to admire the music of Scotland whether we will or no. This is the seventh consecutive season during which Sir Alexander Mackenzie has occupied the post of conductor. Let him pity our frailty, and permit us in future to shed a little of this Scotch fringe.

On Saturday last an important concert, which attracted a large audience to Sydenham, was given at the Crystal Palace, on the Handel Festival scale. Madame Patti was the centre of attraction, and she sang a series of sufficiently well known and popular songs. In Mozart's work she has always been reckoned at somewhere very near indeed her best, and her singing of that composer's "Voi che Sapete" could not, for its sweetness and for its complete

The most exciting operatic event of last week was the sudden suppression of the performance of "Götterdämmerung" on Friday, and the consequent closing of Covent Garden for the whole day. Madame Nordica was ill, and Madame Termini was also indisposed; without Brünnhilde there could, of course, be no "Götterdämmerung"; and many curious scenes outside the Opera house at 4 p.m. on Friday were the immediate consequence of this untoward complication of events.

The demolition of Furnivall's Inn, Holborn, is now almost complete. The last portion of the birthplace of Pickwick to fall under the destroyer's hand will be the gateway, which still stands forlorn amid the ruin—leading nowhere.

A curious, rather interesting ceremony was performed a few days ago: the reinterment at St. Paul's Church, Hammersmith, with a special religious service, of the body of Sir Nicholas Crispe, who died in 1663, and who was buried at St. Mildred's, Bread Street, in the City, the street which was his birthplace of Milton, his contemporary, but though his neighbour, probably not his friend, seeing that Sir Nicholas was a devoted Royalist, who sacrificed his whole estate to the service of his King.

fathered by his old rival, a yokel, now at the point of death. His old sweetheart, Alison, is almost again within his reach. But once more the very thought of "settling down" horrifies the gipsy, and on Christmas Eve, as the household with whom he has taken up his abode for the time are at church, he vanishes back to the King's highway, with its hardships and its poverty. In English prose, all this seems a sordid story, but its essential poetry is so dominant that the prose longs to turn itself into verse in which the romance of Ragged Robin could assert itself for what it really is. The prose even affects the players. Some of them act in the spirit of obvious melodrama (as if they were giving us a stage version of "La Terre," for instance); and the result is harsh and disillusioning. This is specially true of Mrs. Tree, who does not feel her part at all. Mr. Tree has glimpses of the poetry of his rôle as Ragged Robin, but only spasmodically. He never grips one with it. Mr. Waller and Miss Millard are both out of the picture. On the other hand, we get very realistic pictures of two antagonistic old men from Mr. Franklyn McLeay and Mr. Charles Warner—really thrilling bits of acting. The scenery is wonderfully beautiful: it would be difficult to excel the charm of the opening landscape. "Ragged Robin," indeed, is a poem from beginning to end, and Mr. Tree has to be thanked for introducing it to English playgoers.



"RAGGED ROBIN," THE NEW PLAY AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

S. & Preceding Page.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

The other day, when inspecting the 1st Regiment of Foot Guards at Potsdam, Emperor Wilhelm described the army—"his army," he termed it—as the most glorious inheritance left to him by his grandfather and father. Disagreeable as the sentence may sound to the members of the Teutonic Society, and even to those who do not absolutely share the latter's extreme views with regard to the wickedness of settling international quarrels by the arbitration of the sword, there is no reason to suspect the eldest grandson of the Queen of having used the words either simply in *terrore* or as a somewhat high-flown figure of speech on an important ceremonial occasion. When years ago Prince Wilhelm was forced by his grandfather and mother to remain in the station to which his birth had appointed him, instead of marrying an opera-singer and renouncing the eventual succession to the imperial and royal crowns, as he threatened and perhaps intended to do, his conversion to the first and foremost tradition of the Hohenzollern dynasty was "thorough."

"War is the national industry of Prussia," said Mirabeau a century and a quarter ago, and although the industry has for the last twenty-seven years been reduced to mere preparation for another "big deal," it would be idle to cherish the belief that this moment is not hoped for or eagerly expected by the majority of the Emperor's most immediate *entourage*. For the nonce, we will take the conventional opinion of the ordinary newspaper paragraph to the effect that the Kaiser himself sincerely desires to stave off that moment as long as possible. We are the more inclined to do this considering that he has least to gain and most to lose by another war. Prussia—in this instance synonymous with Germany—has no ambition to extend her territory in Europe. The martial fame—the highest in spite of everything that is said—of his two predecessors must suffice for Wilhelm II.

The captains who are gathered around him, however, need not look at it in that way, and probably do not. One day Spinola asked Lord Herbert of Cherbury about the cause of Sir Francis Vere's death. "He died of inactivity," replied the other. "That's enough to kill any captain," Spinola assented. There are at least a hundred great captains in constant contact with Wilhelm, and it is an open secret that their inactivity weighs heavily upon them. It would be abandoning the traditions of the Hohenzollerns to run counter to this feeling; hence, in default of real operations, we have the preparations for them to allay their impatience. This, as much as the suspected wish for personal glory, has made Wilhelm II. what he appears to the world at large, and what he no doubt is—the continuator of Frederick the Great and of the latter's father in one. The army is his army, and amid his multifarious occupations, the concern for it stands foremost in his mind.

The cane of Friedrich Wilhelm I. is out of fashion; the discipline that cane enforced is as rigorous as ever. The cane is there, however. During Wilhelm's ten years' reign it has done duty as a mahlstick and as a musician's baton, but it has never left his grasp. He is a soldier from nape to heel; he cannot conceive of any other profession for the man of birth, and least of all for his own kind. Shortly after his accession, a Hohenzollern of the elder branch, whose exact name I do not for the moment remember, was married to a Princess of the House of Bourbon, the daughter of the Comte de Trian. At the wedding-dinner, Wilhelm II. raised his glass, and addressing himself to the bride, spoke as follows: "The Hohenzollerns have always been good soldiers, and I feel certain that your Royal Highness will make an excellent wife of a soldier."

Shortly afterwards at a review, a rehearsal practically of that which was to be held in honour of King Humbert's visit to Berlin, the leader of a regimental band was conducted from the field for not having played the "Bersagliere March" in the proper time. Even when Wilhelm II. relents in his discipline, the relenting constitutes as severe a warning to the delinquent as the most rigorous punishment. One morning at daybreak he entered unattended one of the barracks at Potsdam. The regiment stood ready in the yard for roll-call, the officer on duty was wanting. For a quarter of an hour, the regulation quarter of an hour of grace, Wilhelm waited. The officer only appeared a quarter of an hour after that. Not a word was said; the Emperor went away without vouchsaying either a syllable of reproof or greeting to the culprit, who already considered himself as good as lost, and who in anticipation shut himself up voluntarily in his own apartments. Aware of the prompt habits of the Emperor, he waited the whole of the morning, the afternoon, the evening. Nothing came. At last, towards nine p.m., there is a ring at his bell; his servant hands him a small parcel, instead of the dreaded and expected "blue letter," the terror of every Prussian officer. In feverish haste the officer tears off the wraps. The parcel contained a small alarm-clock, with the Emperor's compliments. "Mais une fois n'est pas coutume," as the French have it.

Mountaineers, travellers, and campaigners generally who know the value of the "Puttee" will welcome a most convenient improvement to that useful leg-guard in the shape of an adaptation of the "spat." The khaki swathing develops at the end into a most admirably contrived spat, which fits easily and firmly over the foot. When the puttee is finally donned, it forms a delightfully cool and elastic substitute for the gauntlet. This puttee, patented by Messrs. Fox, of Wellington, Somerset, has been adopted by the War Office and Colonial authorities for field forces.

It is to be hoped that the scheme for easier communication between the Strand and Holborn will find a successful issue. That the scheme should be conditional to the rehousing of the labouring classes who would be displaced by the construction of the new street was the subject of a motion before the County Council on Tuesday, Mr. Beachcroft proposing to accommodate all such as depended on the neighbourhood for livelihood within a mile of their old residences. The urgent need of the proposed new thoroughfare is self-evident, and the sooner a satisfactory agreement is come to the better for our congested traffic.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

P. WANG.—What about it takes Kt? The problem is good if you can get out of this defect.

H. J. H.—It is an obvious misprint, arising from the difficulty of transmitting names by telegraph.

CORONEL M. (Ayr).—The information has been sent you.

J. HOPPER (Putney).—You cannot do better than buy for your purpose the second edition of Mason's "Art of Chess."

W. S. STROZACH.—We regret your problem is faulty by 1. Q to Kt 5th (ch).

K moves; 2. B to Kt 4th, etc.

G. DOUGLAS AYERS.—The problem shall be re-examined, and if sound, inserted in due course.

J. R. AYERS, W. H. GUNDY, AND A. FILLIE.—Your problems are severely marked for publication.

PROBLEMS received with thanks from Filetta, G. S. Johnson, and F. Webb.

CORNER SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2821 received from Nixkirkh Mainz (Chiswick); C. E. M. (Ayr); R. T. Levery (Limerick); J. L. E. P. (Hexham-on-South); and M. Hobhouse (London). No. 2822 from C. E. H. (Clifton); C. E. M. (Ayr); G. S. Johnson (Southampton); R. Nagent (Southwark); A. P. A. (Bath); M. A. Allen (Portsmouth); Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth); and T. L. Lovett (Limerick).

CORNER SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2823 received from Major W. Nangle (Dulwich); C. E. H. (Clifton); A. P. A. (Bath); T. Roberts, G. Hawkins (Cambridge); J. Hulley (Newark); F. S. F. Bacon (Finsbury); John Richter (Brixton); E. B. Ford (Cheltenham); M. A. Allen (Portsmouth); R. Worts (Canterbury); F. Jackson (Leeds); S. Sorrento, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth); C. E. M. (Ayr); L. Desouza, C. Simons (Brighton); W. A. Barnard (Uppingham); and J. D. Tucker (Leeds).

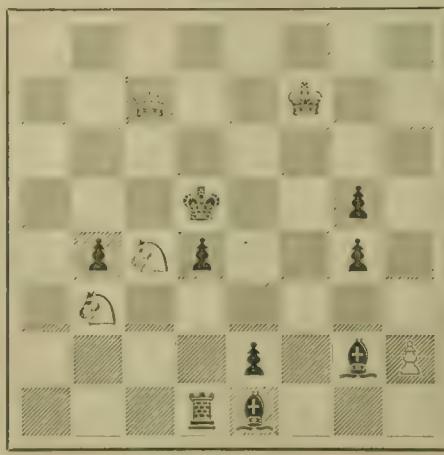
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2823.—By C. W. (Sudbury).

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to R 5th	P to B 7th
2. Kt to K 3rd	Any move
3. Q mates.	

If black play 1. P takes B; 2. Kt to Kt 5th (ch); and if 1. K to Q 4th; then 2. Kt to K 3rd (ch), etc.

PROBLEM NO. 2-23.—By C. PLANCK.

11 x 11.



White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN VIENNA.

Game played in the Tourney between Messrs. TARRASCH AND TILLSCHEIY.

(Roy Lopez).

WHITE (Mr. P.) BLACK (Mr. T.)

1. P to K 4th P to K 4th

2. Kt to Kt 3rd Kt to Q 2nd

3. B to Kt 5th P to Q 3rd

4. B to R 3th Kt to B 3rd

5. Castles K takes P

6. P to Q 4th P to Q Kt 4th

7. P to K 5th P to Q 4th

8. P to K 5th

Although known in other variations of the Roy Lopez, this move is seldom played at this point. At the same time, it is interesting to note that the game is remarkably lucid, as will be seen later, it is difficult to decide the fate of the second.

9. P to Kt 5th K takes Q P

10. Kt takes Kt P takes Kt

11. B to K 3rd P to Q 2nd

12. Kt to Q 2nd Kt to K 3rd

13. B to R 4th B to Q 2nd

14. R to Kt 4th Kt to K 3r

15. Kt to B 3rd B to K 2nd

16. Q to K 4th Castles

17. Kt to K 5th Q to B 2nd

18. P to K 5th K takes Kt

19. B to K 3th P to Q 3rd

20. Q to K 4th Kt to K 3r

21. Kt takes B K takes R

22. Q takes P (ch) P takes Q

23. B takes Q B to Q 3rd

24. B to B 6th B to Q 3rd

A venture to think this a mistake. It would be scarcely better for Black to 22. B takes Q to return the piece by B takes

25. B takes P (ch) K to B 2nd

26. B takes R R takes B

27. Q to R 8th Q to B 8th

28. R to Q 4th P to K 3rd

29. Kt to K 2nd K takes Q Kt 3rd

30. R to Q 7th Kt to K 2nd

31. R to Q 5th Kt to K 5th

32. R to K 5th Kt to B 4th

33. R to R 7th R to Q 8th

34. P to K 4th B to K 2nd

35. P to K 5th B to B 3rd

36. R to Q 8th P to K 3rd

37. R to Q 8th P to B 3rd

38. R to Kt 8th P to B 5th

39. P to K 4th R to Q 4th

40. K to K 2nd R to Q 5th

41. K to K 3rd R to K 5th

42. R to K 7th R to B 4th

43. R to K 8th R to B 4th

44. R to K 7th R to B 4th

45. R to K 8th R to B 4th

46. R to K 7th R to B 4th

47. R to K 8th R to B 4th

48. R to K 7th R to B 4th

49. R to K 8th (ch) K to B 2nd

50. P to K 6th Resigns

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The discovery of Krypton by Professor Ramsay, whose name as the discoverer of argon must be familiar to all who take an interest in scientific progress, adds another to the physical mysteries of the air we breathe. It is by no means the least important feature of the new discovery that it owes its being to the previous researches of Dewar on liquid air; or, to put it more correctly perhaps, the liquefaction of air has rendered possible researches such as those in which Professor Ramsay has proved himself *facile princeps*. There is a "little rift, however, within the lute," which threatens to make discord where only happy harmony of a scientific kind should prevail. Professor Ramsay and Professor Dewar appear to differ in respect of the claims of priority advanced by the latter in the matter of the liquefaction of hydrogen. I believe it is the contention of Dr. Ramsay that Olszewski, of Cracow, had anticipated Professor Dewar by his researches. It is to be hoped that these little differences will be amicably adjusted, and that the spectacle of two eminent physicists battling over a question which should be readily settled by an appeal to dates and work may be obviated. The greatness of discovery should be reflected in the spirit and temper of the discoverers, but I apprehend what has been said of Professor Olszewski's prior claims in the present instance may find a parallel in the case of almost every other important discovery.

Krypton is a hitherto unknown constituent of the atmosphere, and the discovery tells its own tale of the complexity which may exist under the guise of apparent physical simplicity of composition. The air is a mixture of two gases—nitrogen and oxygen—a mixture, be it noted, and not even a chemical compound. This declaration really contained all that was known about the air prior to Professor Ramsay's notification that he had eliminated a new element—argon—from the atmosphere. Then came helium, and finally krypton. As far as the details of the new discovery have been announced, we may learn that krypton exists in the proportion of about one part to 10,000 of air. It was obtained from a volume of 750 cubic centimetres of liquid air, and when its spectrum was duly noted, the discovery of the new element was practically completed. The nearest affinities of krypton appear to relate it to helium. It has a greater density than oxygen, and seems to possess a simple constitution.

The announcement of Professor Ramsay's discovery was communicated by M. Berthelot to the Academy of Sciences of Paris on June 6. Why Paris should have been selected as the scene of the announcement when our own Royal Society was open as before to receive the tidings from the discoverer is a matter regarding which it would be idle to speculate. I remember that Professor Huxley, in discussing the behaviour of the French Academy of Sciences in the matter of Peysson's discovery of the animal nature of coral, placed on record his sense of thankfulness that the Royal Society never had an "academic" constitution, and devoutly hoped it never would possess or exhibit any such feature. It seems rather strange on the face of things that the English scientist should send his message to Paris in place of walking down to Burlington House; but, as I have said, it is useless to discuss the merits of a question the latitudine and longitude of which are unknown quantities. We may, at least, all rejoice that science is conquering new fields of research, and if such discoveries succeed in bridging over the gaps which exist between the apparently distinct elements of to-day, the time may not be far distant when alleged transmutations even of metals may be explained on grounds of scientifically exact nature.

I think the publication of Mrs. King's articles on chloroform in the *Nineteenth Century* is likely to give rise to much misconception, and to many needless questions regarding the employment of the anesthetic. The publication of articles in a popular magazine on what is a highly technical subject is to be deprecated. I do not know whether Mrs. King has had a medical training, but I scarcely think any physician who has had much to do with giving chloroform can fail to grumble at the sweeping charges she makes regarding the dangers of its administration. Practically, Mrs. King tells us that patients are apt to be "stifled" by certain administrators in their mode of producing unconsciousness by aid of chloroform. Mrs. King abhors inhalers, and prefers the open method of giving chloroform from a towel. Now, as the whole question of anesthetic administration involves highly technical questions and details, one may ask, is it feasible that Mrs. King can be regarded as a competent critic? One has only to read the reports of the various Chloroform Commissions to note the extreme difficulty of deciding where exactly the dangers of chloroform-administration intervene; and in the face of this difficulty it is surely a little too much to expect Mrs. King either to solve the question of its danger by dividing chloroform, in the classification of her own, into those who give the anesthetic safely on an open towel and those who give it dangerously in graduated doses from an inhaler or "stifler."

It seems to me that nobody ever took chloroform ether without first experiencing a stifling feeling, and I confess to Mrs. King that it is just as possible to stifle a patient by giving chloroform by the open-towel method as by an inhaler. Personally, though my own opinion is advanced with all the modesty in the world, I do not think that it matters much whether the anesthetic is given in the one way or the other. That which you desire least is to stifle the patient who is administering the anesthetic. In my Edinburgh medical student days—the days of Simpson, Syme, and Speer—I never saw an inhaler used. The inhalers were employed universally, but we were taught the principles of use of the towel. The free admission of air at first was an essential part of the process. There was no checking on "stifling," and the breathing was the one feature we were taught to watch as a red watch is a nose. There were few accidents in those days; but I say again, it is absurd to assume that the careful use of an inhaler by a chloroformist of necessity predisposes to danger.

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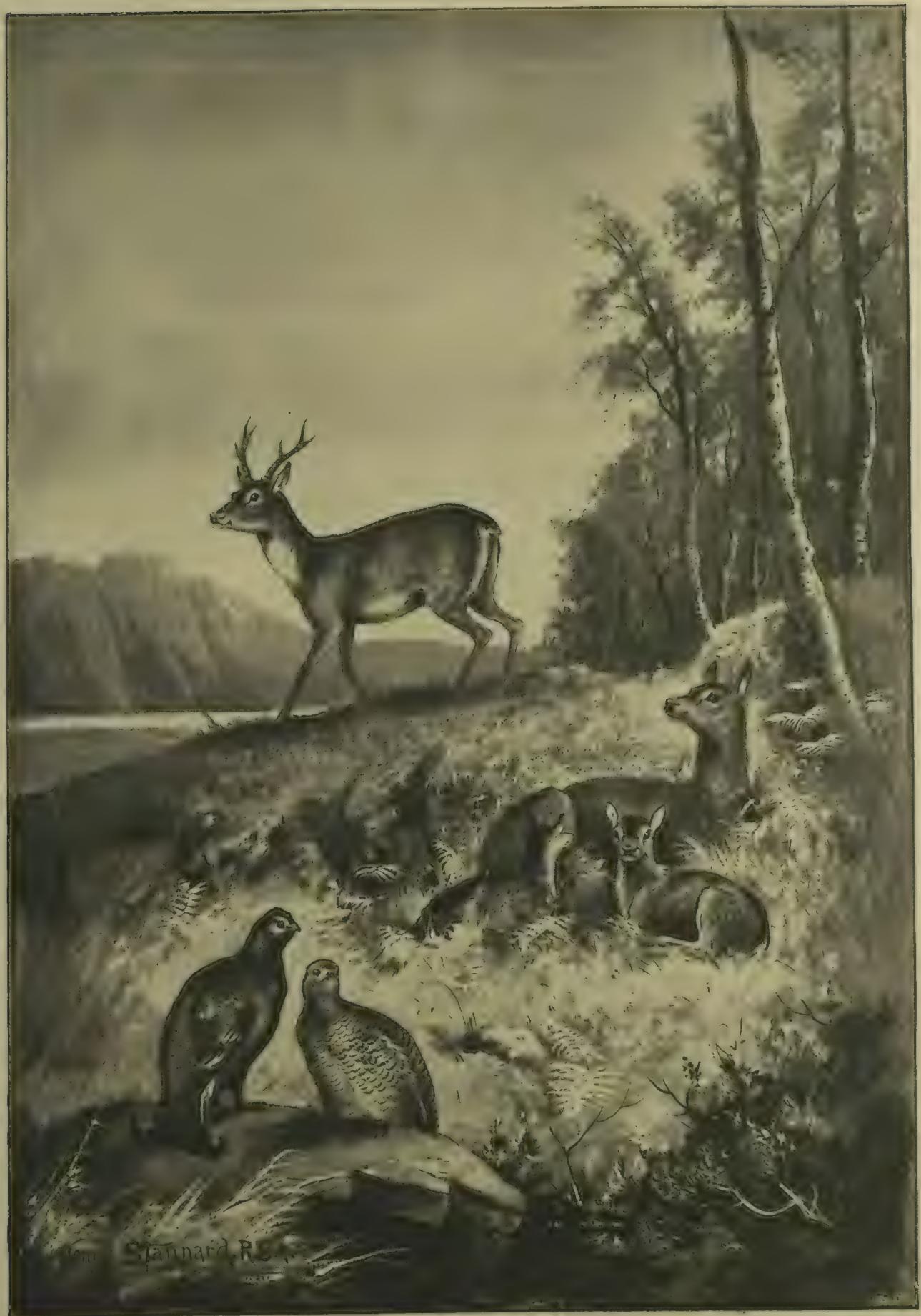
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THE HAUNT OF THE ROE-DEER.

LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

Boating weather has come in at last, and the river in natural sequence is so jammed up with craft and creatures of all kinds and conditions that it may almost be said to out-Piccadilly Piccadilly in its most crowded conditions. Never, indeed, was there such a hard-worked river as old Thames, more particularly since the athletic English girl of punting and rowing proclivity has made it her own. She has



A PRETTY FROCK OF LIGHT BLUE FOULARD.

grown to dress the part so well also that it is quite a liberal education not only in serge, but also in chiffons, to sit, say, on the lawn of the Riverside Club and watch the gay boating world go by. A short and marvellously well-cut blue serge was worn, by the way, on Sunday by the wife of one of its members. Well to the aquatic manner born, she had a dozen neat tucks in the lining, which was of pale blue silk instead of the fussy and unnecessary flounce that never-failingly catches in one's heel and trips one up when getting in and out of boats. Underneath this hung a complete skirt of navy blue silk, sewn on the same band, but acting as a petticoat. A capital plan for yachting, this, saving unnecessary strings and putting on of petticoats. The seams of this serge dress were covered with a scroll pattern in black silk braid. Its open coat, treated to match, was belted in at sides and back; while it owned three blouses—white, black, and navy blue silk—to fit most nautical occasions suitably.

Apropos of the blouse, which is now at last relegated to morning wear, some of the latest from Paris, made of the stuff known as mousseline brillante, over white or other coloured taffetas, are all that is of the most charming, with their dainty tucks and insertions and feather stitchings generally. A French blouse, while unequivocally extravagant, is quite equally *chic* and engaging enough to justify it of its cost, and one case in point, a heartrending specimen in green and white silk muslin over ciel blue taffetas, which has cost a best friend a fortnight's income, really claims indulgence for its wicked price by reason of its undoubted allurements. We need must love the dearest when we see it, as her cynical husband with a gift for paraphrasing remarked; but with a sentiment also so applicable to his own sex I really wonder that he allowed himself the luxury of that misquoted quantity.

The subject of muslin, being own third cousin to linen, reminds me that tempting transactions, from the buyer's point of view, are now in progress at Walpole's, where, both in their Bond Street and High Street, Kensington, shops, Irish linens are being sold at prices so reduced that they must challenge the attention of any house-proud dame, whether her linen-press is depleted or overflowing. The fascinating table damasks that hail from Hibernia put dainty napery within reach of the most unassuming incomes by reason of the prices at which it is now obtainable at Walpole's; while the blankets with which we comfort our frozen souls in wintry weather are piled in sacrificial heaps waiting to be taken away for but a little more than the asking. From all of which it may be undoubtedly argued that this is the time to pay a morning call at Walpole's.

Fair-haired women, it has been remarked, are out of fashion, but without subscribing to such wild commitments, it may be at least advanced that brunettes are decidedly enjoying "their little hour" this season. Grey gowns are, for one thing, very fashionably in front, and

as the dark-haired girl who does not look her best in grey has yet to be discovered, the deduction is obvious. For evening wear it is well to brighten such sober hues with pink, orange, or crimson, and one of the best dresses I have seen was met at dinner this week, being a soft grey silk crépe lined with orange glace, which just glinted through, while above the deep sloped flounce of our present wear a band of the yellow showed under an insertion of steel and silver passementerie. Orange velvet revers and jockey epaulettes, beautifully worked in steel orchids, smartened up the grey tulle bodice; a Swiss-shaped waistband of palest green velvet making a delightful last touch.

The trailing untidiness of this season's skirts, which in dry weather raise the dust and in wet inevitably annex liberal consignments of mud, may bring satisfaction to dressmakers, but decided less unmixed sentiments of the sort to their wearers. The rainy unexpectedness of recent days made much havoc of frills and furbelows, particularly with those whose frocks represented the extremes of modish length. There is, indeed, an art in holding up one's gown with grace, but, like fiddle-playing, it requires practice, and the spectacles daily presented by overworked womenkind grasping sunshade, skirts, and parcels with an inadequate mere pair of hands, are unbearably exceeding. This pretty frock illustrated is of light blue foulard, with a wavy design in white, and strikes a happy medium in its length of skirt—the flounces of which are banded with black velvet, and headed by one wide insertion of guipure. The other sketch represents the always *chic* combination of white silk mousseline treated to appliqués of fine black Chantilly, with a sash of pale blue mousseline, the hat trimmed with multi-coloured pink roses and drooping osprey completing the plan of a picturesque costume. Yellow, always a disappointing colour out of doors, I have yet seen caught and tamed to most successful issues this week in a gown of white lawn over amber and white shot taffetas, black Valenciennes insertion, through which the silk was seen toning down the yellow tint with good effect. A belt and yoke of orange velvet on a grey green China crépe also attracted my attention agreeably at a garden-party on Saturday, but the effort to popularise yellow for *plein air* occasions has nevertheless had but an indifferent measure of success. It is more sympathetic to candlelight than broad noon-day, and even then of all other bright tints least repays adoption.

In rummaging through the contents of an old bureau the other day, I came upon a couple of ancient silk shawls of undoubted pedigree but no colour to speak of; and, remembering the vaunted virtues of a certain soap that does not stain the hands but does dye clothes, I bethought me of an experimental interview with Maypole Soap, and forthwith introduced it and the shawls to each other. The transformation was most quickly and successfully effected. One shawl assumed a pale and quite becoming blue, the other a rich and lustrous crimson. In fact, the faded fortunes of the house may be said to have undergone a marked change since Maypole Soap has been acclimatised therein. Curtains, cushion-covers, and all those nameless odds and ends of drapery that would ordinarily disappear from view when soiled, being now served up in new colours by the simple expedient of some Maypole Soap, the use of which may be cordially recommended to every *haus-frau*.

SYBIL.

NOTES.

In the Cambridge Tripos, a young lady has taken this year the proud position of "equal to the Fifth Wrangler." This is the highest place yet attained by a woman at Cambridge, with the exception of Miss Fawcett's famous record of "above the Senior Wrangler"; but Miss Johnson, some few years ago, was very nearly on a level with the new success, being placed "between the Fifth and Sixth Wranglers." The lady Fifth Wrangler of this year is Miss Florence Cave-Brown-Cave, daughter of Mr. Thomas Cave-Brown-Cave, Deputy Accountant-General of the Army. She is only twenty-one years old, and received her education at home before going to Girton. The other two most distinguished lady mathematicians were Newnham students, so that Girton is the more pleased at this high honour. Of course, it is to be remembered that there are at least six times as many male as female students at the University. It is interesting, in its bearing on heredity, to note that the next highest woman on the list is the sister of the Wrangler, Miss B. Cave-Brown-Cave, standing as a Senior Optime, between the men numbered thirty-three and thirty-four on the list. Their father's position indicates the arithmetical bent of his mind. Then the Senior Wrangler, Mr. R. Hudson, is the son of the Mathematical Professor at King's College, London, who himself took high honours in his University career.

Another point to note is that several of the most successful on the Tripos list have been holders of scholarships, without the aid of which, presumably, they could not have properly pursued their course, taken the needful "coaching," and so on. Both the Senior Wrangler and the lady Fifth Wrangler come under this description. In that respect clever youths have infinitely more chances of assistance open to them than girls. Men have the accumulated wealth generously given during five hundred years, but women have only the gifts of a quarter of a century. Mr. Gladstone, according to the "Talks" with him just published by Mr. Tollemache, was of opinion that "it was perfectly scandalous that, out of the vast income of the Universities, not a sixpence is given to women." But it will be long before a share in those older endowments is handed over to aid clever girls; and therefore, in the meantime, they need help. Wealthy women could not more usefully bestow or bequeath their means than in founding scholarships for girls.

Women, do I say? Why should I thus circumscribe the modest hint, when I know that the most generous gifts to the education of females in America have all come from the liberality of men? Vassar College, the pioneer of Women's Universities, was the gift to American womanhood of Mathew Vassar; the women's department of

Cornell was built and endowed at great expense by Mr. Sage; and in almost every other of the many cases it is men who have made the munificent gifts to the future of girls in American colleges. Then here, did not Mr. Holloway leave a magnificent sum, however unwisely arranged, with the best of intentions, to erect and endow for women's higher education the pile bearing his name near Windsor? And did not I record here a few weeks back the bequest by a Scotch gentleman of many thousands of pounds to build a women's medical school in Glasgow? Then there is the Pfeiffer bequest of some £50,000, left to be divided, at the discretion of Sir Josiah Finch, between several great educational institutions for women, and of incalculable service to them—the new buildings of the London School of Medicine for Women that the Princess of Wales is to open on July 14 being an illustration of how the money has benefited the recipients. The greater portion of this was Mr. Pfeiffer's property, and it was his will that actually so bequeathed it; though it had been his deceased wife's most earnest desire that their wealth should be so dispensed. Oh! I withdraw the one word "women" from the suggestion of a good destination for the means of the wealthy and benevolent!

Mrs. Craigie, the brilliant writer who pleases to call herself "John Oliver Hobbes," does not mean to allow herself to be cited as one who does quite everything. She has written some of the wittiest and most original books of the day; she has produced a successful play; she is a Greek scholar; and she has performed with perfect success one part (with Mdlle. Janotta and Lady Randolph Churchill at the other two pianos) of Bach's triple Concerto in D minor, having the truly music-loving Princess of Wales among her enthusiastically admiring audience. But Mrs. Craigie would not even *try* to make a short speech at the Women Writers' dinner. A brief communication was read by somebody else "on behalf of the chairman." She was not even, as she should have been, at a table elevated on a dais, so that her beautiful, sensitive, flower-like face could be seen and admired. She is a lovely girl, slender and elegant of figure, and having a mobile face of brunet beauty; so that if she had risen to speak it would have been worth something to see her, no matter if she had stammered in her delivery—which, nevertheless, I trow, she would not have done! Speaking, however, is not a strong point at the Women Writers' dinner. Solemn subjects for little lectures—"The Press and the Public," "The Novelists' Ideal," and so forth—were announced on the programme in place of the usual light speeches interspersed with vocal music; however, the title of the lecturer did not matter much, since each lady talked only about herself, her works, and her critics—oh, those critics, how they seem to get on the nerves!

Again the Ladies' Kennel Association has had a most successful show, not only of the toy dogs, but of all varieties up to mastiffs, Great Danes, and wolfhounds.

At the Women's Liberal Federation meetings, the chief interest centred in the discussion of the question whether the branches of the Federation should work at elections for



A COSTUME OF WHITE SILK MOUSSELINE.

candidates opposed to Women's Suffrage. On the one side it was argued that the object of the Federation is to help the Liberal party, and that it would not do to excommunicate a first-rate Liberal candidate for a cause not yet adopted by the Liberal leaders; on the other hand it was urged that if women really want the suffrage, it is absurd for them to work to place men in Parliament to vote against it. The party view won the day by a majority of more than two to one.

F. F.-M.

A HAPPY MEETING.

BY BEATRICE BARHAM.

The excitement was simply tremendous. Word flashed like magic through all the kennels of the Dogs' Home that a lady was coming through to look for her lost dog. Whose dear missis would it be? That was the momentous question.

Seven hundred and twenty little dogs, middling-sized dogs, and big dogs cocked their ears sharply to catch the first sound of her step.

Even if no dog should recognise in her his own friend, she might, nevertheless, be a tender-hearted person, and would perhaps take some other very homesick little dog home with her to keep her company, if he behaved very prettily, and looked at her with a whole world of faithfulness in a pair of beseeching, wistful, shining, almost weeping eyes, and if he kissed her soft hand when she put it through the bars to stroke him, and tell him that she understood his eye-language. Such things had happened more than once to dogs fortunate enough to be blessed with "taking ways." There can be no more valuable addition to anyone's list of accomplishments than "taking ways,"

butcher's dogs were very big and fierce! He realised that his present melancholy state was his own fault, but, like two-legged law-breakers, he did not find his woes the lighter for this reflection. Nightly he wagged his poor little stump of a tail, as he dreamt of soft cushions, and mutton shanks, and somebody's voice calling "Tou-tou"; but daily he awoke to the mournful truth that he was only "Number Ninety-nine," and that saddest of living creatures, a lost dog. So he squeezed into the corner of his cage where he could catch the first glimpse of the visitor, and trembled violently in an agony of hope and apprehension.

As the lady slowly passed before each cage, she bent a gravely eager glance at each inmate, and each dog behaved according to his own ideas of what was appropriate to the occasion. So many beseeching glances cast upon her, it really made her eyes water. She patted one and spoke to another, and she laughed a little bit shakily at one of the puppies' cages, where they all climbed on one another's backs and fell over each other, and fought madly together, and bit each other for the chance of a kindly greeting. The youngest, silliest puppy there knew instinctively what she represented: a warm house, nice

lie in the darkest corner of his cage, and hope against hope for the touch of one hand.

Some of the inmates were quite cheerful and happy. The only home they had ever known was the streets; and a clean cage, with plenty of dog-biscuits and plenty of company, was quite as good as that!

Poor "Ninety-nine" could with difficulty contain himself, as the barking indicated that the visitor was drawing near; he felt sure that another disappointment, after the many which he had already suffered, would leave him only a little stiff, black corpse. He registered a mental vow at that moment that, if he could once regain his own dear home, he would never again stir from it, except close at the heels of his mistress, and that he would always hide whenever he saw anything dressed in dark blue with silver buttons, even if it was only the gas-meter man.

Suddenly, through all the din and uproar, he felt sure he heard the sound of a familiar voice: it was too much for his nerves; he stood up against the front bars, and he roared and howled and barked like twenty large dogs. Supposing she should miss his corner! The thought was too terrible, and he sent up a fresh series of the very loudest sounds he was capable of. All the dogs on either side



LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.—BY HAYNES WILLIAMS.

but nowhere do they mean more to their possessor than at the Home for Lost Dogs, for there they frequently mean a reprieve from that journey to a bourn from which no little dog returns, to a land where no one knows the nature of the rats or what will take the place of bones.

Judging merely by the noise, one might have imagined that every dog of the seven hundred and twenty was lifting up his voice, but, as a matter of fact, this was not so. There were several exceptions—poor little "Number Ninety-nine," for instance, entered in the books of the establishment as a poodle—black—weight, thirty pounds—silver collar—no address—felt too lonely and discouraged even to open his mouth; besides, he shook and trembled so exceedingly when he heard the news of a visitor that he had not the strength to bark. He had been "in" for two long, dreadful days, and still his people did not come to fetch him. It had been his own sociable temperament which had led to his incarceration, for he had just stepped outside his own gate to speak to the butcher's dog, without waiting for his muzzle, and before he had time to return, a big policeman had tied a string round his neck and dragged him ignominiously off. It seemed a cruel blow of Fate, for the butcher's three big mongrels hardly ever wore their muzzles, and when they did they were only ill-fitting scraps of wire, through the sides of which they could comfortably poke their noses to pick up bones; but then the

dinners, big bones, and a fire to curl up in front of, but more—far more, and best of all, somebody to love you, and somebody to love with all your doggy heart, and each little dog thought—Oh, how faithfully he would love her, if only she would take him to be her little dog!

A small white terrier, with woefully bandy legs, and a head of proportions which would certainly not excite admiration in the prize-ring, realised perfectly that it was quite useless for him to depend upon bodily perfections to improve his fortunes, so he at once devoted himself to doing the thing which he well remembered had on many previous occasions met with a generous mood of approval. He reared himself on his little crooked hind-legs, and, standing in the middle of the cage, he waved his front paws up and down, hoping thus to catch her eye. A nondescript little yellow dog, who had not a single accomplishment of his own, was so overcome with envious rage when he saw that the pretty hommage had attracted attention, that he flew at the white terrier with a loud yap of envy, and ill-naturedly snapped at one of his flapping ears.

Now and then the visitor passed a cage where dwelt some melancholy canine wight too heartsick to take any interest in life. He would give one eager, hopeless glance at her with his sad eyes, and then, with a reproachful look, turn listlessly away. He did not care to sue for a greeting from a stranger, however sympathetic; he could only

stop in amazement to listen to his uproar. At last it penetrated to the ears of the visitor, and she lifted up her head, and she turned red and then she turned white.

"I am sure I heard Tou-tou's voice!" she said in tragic tones.

"Heard his voice, indeed!" said a sulky old retriever, who was annoyed because his people had not come to fetch him. "Heard his voice, indeed! So did everyone else within a quarter of a mile!"

When she reached the cage, the uproar was something frightful. Every dog took up the chorus, and shrieked out at the top of his lungs, "Ninety-nine has found his missis!" for, with true doggish generosity, they were all glad that somebody was going home, even if they were not. Besides, who could say whose turn it might be next?

It was a truly joyful moment, and Tou-tou repeatedly jumped six feet in the air, and ran round and round in a circle, and rolled on his back; and finally he took hold of his mistress's skirt in his teeth, and with his tail very high in the air, he led her out, to show the other fellows how proud he was.

The big man in corduroy snapped his whip cheerfully, and every cage was crowded with eager heads and bright eyes.

And if anyone wants to find a happier little dog than Tou-tou—late "Number Ninety-nine"—he will have to hunt for a very long time!

Liver Complaint

and

Indigestion.

Some of the Symptoms of Liver Complaint and Indigestion are as follows: There are dull, sleepy, languid, or irritable feelings, or there may be Melancholia or Hysteria, with feelings of profound gloom and depression, arising from no assignable cause. There is mental and nervous anxiety, as if something was ever being forgotten. There is Loss of Memory and Loss of Sleep, and consequent waste of the Nervous System.

An unpleasant mucus collects about the teeth, especially in the morning, and there is a filling of the mouth with sour and fermenting eructations from the Stomach. Food gives little stay; it may hang like a weight at the pit of the Stomach, or the food may be rejected, or there is loss of Appetite, a cleaving of the tongue to the roof of the mouth; or, in severe types, an absolute repulsion to food, so that the patient shudders to look at it. The Skin will be dry and parched, the Eyes yellow or bloodshot, with blue or dark discolorations beneath them. There is great susceptibility to cold, in the Hands and Feet especially, which have a damp, cold feeling, very unpleasant to the touch of another. Under the Shoulder-blades there are sudden attacks of pain, and hurtful pressure with oppressiveness at the breast, as if the Breath were kept down by weights. There is a feeling of distension at the sides, with shooting pains, sometimes so sharp as to make the sufferers involuntarily cry out.

For all such symptoms as are above described, Guy's Tonic is a valuable specific. It contains ingredients calculated to give immediate relief to the Digestion, to stimulate and invigorate the Liver, and to clear the air passages, while its other component parts work out their allotted curative task. Guy's Tonic acts by Digestive Power, by the force of invigoration it imparts, and by the stimulatory influence it exerts upon the Liver. Guy's Tonic invariably improves the Constitutional condition of the patient, whilst at the same time freeing the body from specific symptoms.

"A Wonderful Cure."

" 16, Midland New Road, Crewe.

" I am truly thankful for the day a friend of mine recommended Guy's Tonic to me. After I had taken a part of the first bottle I found a benefit. I was suffering with a pain across the Bowels and Back, and could not sleep much in the night. Had it not been for Guy's Tonic I should have been in my grave. It is a great pleasure to get out again after being so long ill. I recommend your wonderful medicine to all I meet.

" RICHARD SCRAGG."

"Extreme Nervousness."

" Bodicote, near Banbury.

" Miss Hounds has been suffering some years from Sluggish Liver, Indigestion, and extreme Nervousness. In fact, her nerves prevent her from doing anything. She has only been a burden sometimes too heavy too bear. She is taking the first bottle of Guy's Tonic, and already feels relieved."

"A Martyr for Years."

" Milburn Bank, Southwick, Dumfries.

" Please send me another bottle of Guy's Tonic. I feel much better already from the one I got. I have been a martyr for years to Indigestion and Biliousness, and at times very sick, vomiting everything I ate; and sometimes the sickness would continue for weeks at a time. I was beginning to give up all hopes of ever getting any medicine to do me any good, and so when I saw Guy's Tonic advertised I resolved to try it, and I am happy to say it has had the desired effect.

" JANET DICKSON."

"A Serious Case."

" Albert Street, Wednesbury, Staffs.

" Having suffered with severe Liver Complaint for the last three years, Pains in the Back and Mental Depression, I have tried nearly everything without benefit, but after taking Guy's Tonic the Pains in the Back have entirely gone, and I feel as I have not done before for several years. I shall recommend Guy's Tonic wherever I go.

" J. H. KIGHT."

"Liver Complaint."

" Inverkindle, Aberdeenshire.

" My Mother feels better since she commenced Guy's Tonic, which she has taken for Liver Complaint.

" ANNIE REID."

"Liver Complications."

" Point Cottage, Toll Cross, Glasgow.

" I have used Guy's Tonic in my Family for Stomach troubles and Liver complications, and its effect has been such that I never fail to recommend it in these cases. Guy's Tonic is far away the best Tonic I have ever tried.

" (Rev.) JACKSON HARDING."

"Guy's Tonic saved my life."

Read this letter from a Lady who was seriously ill with Chronic Indigestion and other complications. The writer gratefully states that she owes her life to Guy's Tonic.

" Thurlby, Alford, Lincs.

" June 15, 1898.

" I recommend Guy's Tonic wherever I can, as I think it is so valuable. In fact, seven years ago Guy's Tonic saved my life. I owe my life to nothing else as all Doctors had failed. My case was Chronic Indigestion and other complications.

" (Mrs.) A. SYKES."

"Torpid Liver."

" 20, Crawford Street, Partick, Glasgow.

" I have suffered very much from Torpid Liver and Indigestion, and have found great benefit from Guy's Tonic."

" ROBERT SCOTT."

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legacies to relatives, friends, and servants. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then equally between his seven nephews and two nieces.

The will (dated May 29, 1896), with a codicil (dated July 14, 1897), of General Edmund Anthony Henry Bacon, of 8, Westbourne Gardens, Bayswater, and formerly of Southsea, who died on May 7, was proved on June 15 by Charles Thomas Orford, the executor, the value of the estate amounting to £14,755. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate, including his property in Italy and the securities in the hands of Messrs. Bugnion, bankers, Lausanne, upon certain trusts and conditions, for his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Bacon, and his children, Arthur Henry Bacon, Amy Marion Bacon, and Frances Harriet Moore.

The Irish probate of the will (dated April 28, 1896), with a codicil (dated Dec. 28, 1897), of Lady Anne Henrietta Brownlow, of Carrickmacross, Monaghan, who died on Feb. 21, granted to Colonel William Vesey Brownlow, C.B., the husband and executor, was resealed in London on June 13, the value of the estate in England and Ireland being £1868. Subject to the life interest of her husband and to her having no children, she appoints the funds of their marriage settlement as to £10,000 to her brother the Hon. Hew Hamilton Dalrymple; £8000 to her brother the Hon. Robert MacGill Dalrymple; £500 to her brother the Hon. Worth de Coigney Dalrymple; and £500 each to Ethel, Esme, Maria, and Aileen Brownlow. With the exception of a small legacy to her sister, she leaves the residue of her property to her husband.

The will (dated Feb. 3, 1898) of the Rev. James Armitage Bonser, of the Vicarage, Shillington, Beds, who

died on April 28, has been proved by Mrs. Anne Sophia Bonser, the widow and one of the executors, the value of the estate being £11,333. The testator gives his household furniture and effects, the use of his plate, and the income during widowhood of one third of his residuary estate to his wife. The residue of his property he leaves between all his children.

The will of Colonel Charles Mundy Applewhaite, J.P., of Pickenhurst Hall, Swaffham, Norfolk, who died on

Feb. 15, was proved on June 13 by Mrs. Mary Florence Applewhaite, the widow, Hanson Henry Applewhaite, the brother, and Henry Blake, the executors, the value of the estate being £5230.

The will of General Edward Henry Power, of 3, Gledhow Gardens, South Kensington, who died on March 6 at St. Leonards, was proved on June 10 by Miss Sidney Agnes Dingwall Fordyce and Arthur Kennedy, the executors, the value of the estate being £2938.

The will of Lieutenant-Colonel Walter Delane, of St. Cuthbert's, Sandwich, Kent, who died on April 3, was proved on June 18 by Arthur Irwin Dasey, the nephew and executor, the value of the estate being £1383.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.
For the Christina Rossetti memorial, the paintings of which were finished by Sir Edward Burne-Jones before his death, the sum of £156 17s. has been promised, against an estimated cost of £220. The largest subscribers are the S.P.C.K. and the late Mr. F. T. Palgrave and Miss Lisa M. Wilson.

Bishop Alford, a well-known representative of the Evangelical party, died recently at Tunbridge Wells. He was Bishop of Victoria, Hong-Kong, for

five years, and afterwards minister at Clapham, and at Kippington, Kent. He was a great friend of the late Canon Haare, and had reached the ripe age of eighty-one.

The *Guardian* says that it believes Sir John Gorst's statements on the Voluntary schools are substantially true, and that if they be true they contain matter of the most serious import for Church schools. The Voluntary schools in London cannot maintain themselves against the Board schools unless an additional fourteen shillings a child be

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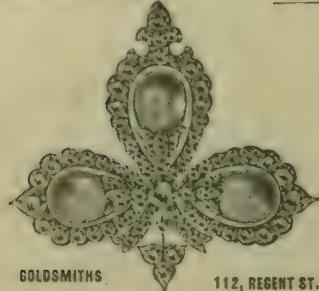
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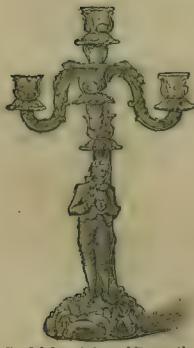
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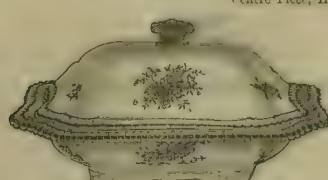
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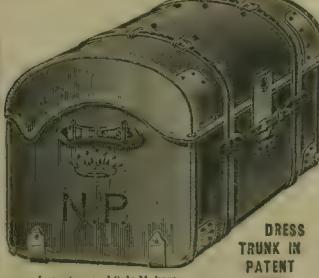
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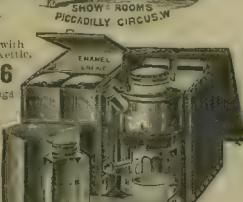
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found. Can this be had from subscribers, or from Parliament, or from ratepayers? If not, it may become a question whether the present system can be carried out, at all events in London. The same paper says that if Sir William Harcourt can name a Church school in which permission to place the religious instruction of Nonconformist children in the hands of a Nonconformist teacher has been asked and refused, "we will give the instance all the publicity and all the censure that we can possibly bestow."

It is reported from Cambridge that Sir John Gorst's recent speech on education has given dissatisfaction, and that his present seat is practically a gift to any Unionist with academic qualifications.

The new Archdeacon of Stafford is the Rev. Robert Hodgson, M.A., Rector of Handsworth. Mr. Hodgson took a good degree at Oxford in 1867, and has been busily working in the Midlands since 1868.

A new church is to be built at West Hampstead at the cost of £11,560, towards which Miss A. D. Brown has given £4500 and Mrs. S. B. Brown £2050, the latter lady giving in addition the site, at a cost of £2000. This is not the first generous action with which these names are connected in Hampstead.

The Rev. H. D. Morgan, speaking about work among the poor at the recent festival of Cudlerton College, advocated extreme care and strictness in keeping secret even official confidences. He also insisted on a great reserve of manner in dealing with individuals alone, however friendly workers might be in public intercourse. Another speaker regarded drink as comparatively a small temptation to lads. Every temptation was light compared with the enormous daily increasing vice of gambling. He maintained that it was impossible to exaggerate the depth and extent of the mischief thus caused.

Mr. Jasper Moore writes to the *Guardian* a letter touching on Mr. McNeill's mission in the Albert Hall. He says that he went at the request of some member of Parliament to hear him, and heard a discourse on Zæcchus and business men which a clergyman present agreed was extremely good. "The part of London is one in which there would be *a priori* a prejudice against going to hear such a preacher, but at the end of the week I found the average attendance was 5000 or 6000 a day. The audiences had been larger in the Agricultural Hall. It is evident, therefore, that the ordinary run of people are attracted by a good sermon and a simple service."

The jubilee of Dr. Parker, of the City Temple, has been celebrated with great enthusiasm. Dr. Parker began preaching at eighteen, and is now sixty-eight. He took



The second North Sea Cup race resulted in an easy victory for the *May Moon*, thirty-one tons. The prize was, as last year, the gift of Mr. H. Gordon Hodgkinson, and consisted of the very handsome cup figured above, the work of Messrs. Hancocks and Co., 152, New Bond Street. Last year the donor was victor, and presented the cup to the German Emperor. The course this year was from Dover to Heligoland.

up his first pastorate at Banbury at the age of twenty-three, so that his jubilee proper does not come off for five years. There is every reason to hope that Dr. Parker will live to see it, for he is at present in full vigour, and at the height of his influence as a preacher. Crowded congregations attend the City Temple whenever the doors are opened.

V.

ART NOTES.

The Corporation of London have achieved a very remarkable success by their loan exhibition of French pictures, now on view at the Art Gallery of the Guildhall. It is not, therefore, surprising to hear grumblings on the part of another semi-public body which had contemplated a similar display next winter. To tell the truth, the Library Committee of the Corporation has done its work so thoroughly that there would be little use in going over

the same ground with slightly varied materials. Broadly speaking, the period covered by the exhibition is the French art of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. To the former belong Watteau, Lancret, Pater, Boucher, Chardin, and Fragonard. They were mostly distinguished by their suggestive grace, and at the same time by their artificiality, and were essentially the painters of the Courts of Louis XIV., of Louis XV., and of the Regency; but Chardin, represented by two charming works—"La Fontaine" and "La Blanchisseuse"—showed that he had studied humble life with profit in the school of Metz and Terburg. The close of the eighteenth century was marked by a revolution in art as well as in civil life, and the Vernetts, Isabey, and David were to bring about a return to classical ways and methods. The restraints which they sought to impose upon art were rudely thrown aside by the Romantics, Delacroix and Decamps, who may be said to have prepared the way for the Naturalists, Corot, Daubigny, Rousseau, and Troyon. From these have come the modern school of painters both of figure subjects and landscapes, and it is to these works which the largest gallery is wholly devoted. This arrangement was forced upon the committee by the fact that the eighteenth century especially occupied itself with cabinet pictures, although now and again life-size portraits, like that of the *Due de Penthièvre* by Nattier, ministered to the vanity of the sitter rather than to the fame of the artist.

The large gallery is filled entirely with works of the later painters, and it is satisfactory to find that however little French art has been recognised in our public galleries, private collectors have greatly appreciated it. American patrons, however, seem to be more numerous than British-born, their taste running chiefly in the direction of Gérôme's work. Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal has a more catholic taste, and lends two important works, Henner's "La Source" and Jules Breton's "Première Communion." It is a little surprising to find such magnificent works as Roybet's "Sarabande," L'Hermitte's "Death of the Woodcutter," Courtois' "Une Bienheureuse," which deservedly gained the Paris gold medal, are among several which still remain in the possession of their artists. Of the more typical and important pictures in this gallery, in addition to those already named, M. Bastien Le Page's "Potato Harvest," M. Jean Béraud's "La Salle Graffard," M. Maignan's "Death of William the Conqueror," Meissonier's large canvas "Friedland," and Gérôme's "Son Eminence Grise," cannot fail to attract the attention they deserve; while M. James Tissot's "Too Early" and "The Last Evening" reveal a side of that artist's work which has been lost to the public for many years.

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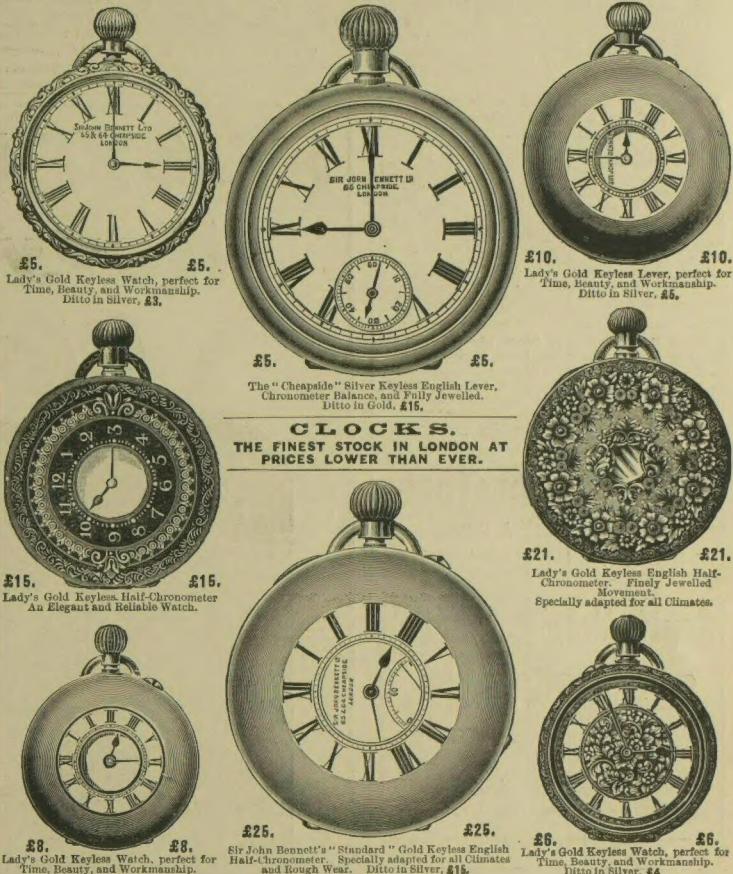
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Altogether the exhibition at the Guildhall is a success of which the managers and the Art Director, Mr. Temple, have good reason to be proud.

To the ordinary picture-gallery haunter, the Lombard school centres round Leonardo da Vinci and Luini, with their several followers and imitators. The committee of the Burlington Fine Arts Club have this year endeavoured to enlarge our views by making us more accurately acquainted with the works of a very considerable number of artists who, broadly speaking, belonged to that portion of the basin of the Po which is bounded on the east by the

Mincio and on the west by the Ticino. It was the district over which the Visconti and Sforza families successively ruled, each leaving special traces of its influence upon the art of the time. In point of fact, the Lombard school was not confined to such narrow limits, and its most distinguished disciples carried its influence to Brescia on one side and to Siena on another. The pictures brought together on the present occasion enable us to grasp without much difficulty the prevailing characteristics of the Lombard school, and in this respect such an exhibition is eminently instructive as well as artistically interesting. The catalogue (in its revised form) is, moreover, a careful analysis of the

part played by the various painters represented in the exhibition, in the development of Lombard art in its two phases—one from Vincenzo Foppa, who decorated the Medici Palace at Milan; the other from Leonardo and Luini, whose names for some generations were often attached to works of their followers. The exhibition of painters has been supplemented by carefully selected photographs of original works in public and private galleries.

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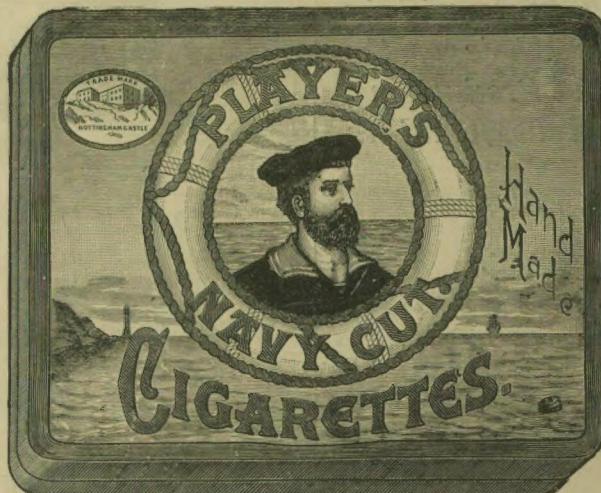
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selection so far as to produce a certain dead level of excellence which after a while becomes irritating. The exhibition at the French Gallery (Pall Mall) is a case in point. No one will challenge the right of Messrs. Wallis to do as they will with their own, and they may be honestly congratulated upon possessing so large a number of excellent specimens by Corot, Daubigny, van Marcke, L'Hermitte, and others, who have made themselves indispensable in every private collection where modern art pretends to be represented. From a business point of view, therefore, there is nothing to be said against Messrs. Wallis's *étagé* of their wares, which are of good if not of the best quality. To the inquirer's eye, the most interesting pictures are Mr. J. W. Oakes's "Fallow Field" and Mr. W. B. Tholen's "Overseel," both of them large landscapes, but treated in an essentially different spirit. Tholen, a Dutch painter to whom Maris and others of the

more modern school owe more than they will allow, marks the transition from the older to the newer school of painting; and a careful study of this and his other works will give an insight into the ways of the modern Dutch school.

To have achieved notoriety, if not actual distinction, as a novelist, a composer, and a playwright would perhaps satisfy the ambition of most men, especially if in addition they were endowed with social qualities above the average of their fellows. Mr. Hamilton Aidé is apparently not so easily satisfied, and desires to show that he can say, "Anch' io sono pittore." And, in truth, it may be conceded that his hundred sketches, chiefly from the Sunny South, now on view at Messrs. Graves's Gallery, justify his ambition to be at least a *magister elegantiarum*. He has gone to Corsica—as yet an unacknowledged sketching ground—and to Sicily—an inexhaustible one—for the best of his

studies, and he has brought back a well-filled portfolio. At the same time the mark of the amateur is traceable in every work. Mr. Aidé has a clear eye and a deft hand; but he paints in Corsica, Sicily, Spain, and Ireland as if the skies of all were identical, the summer colourings everywhere of the same softness, and the atmosphere of the same limpidity. Seen separately, each work reveals plenty of observation and considerable mastery of method; but seen together, one cannot resist the conviction that Vizzavona and Ajaccio differ essentially from Connemara and Killarney, not only in the outward contour and details of the scenery, but in the conditions under which the beauties of each district are severally displayed. So far as we can judge, Mr. Aidé has faithfully rendered the most attractive bits of Corsican and Sicilian scenery, and his catalogue might serve as a useful handbook to others in search of the beauties of those two islands.

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